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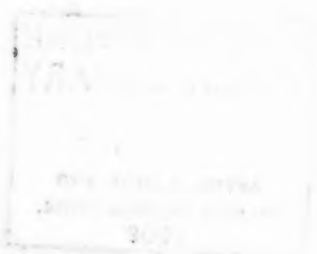
GETTING GOME, DOING THEIR BEST, BUT WITH DIFFICULTY;

Drawn by ALKEN, and Engraved by DICK after ENGLEHEART.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.



RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Washington Course, Annual Meeting, Wednesday, 21st Feb.

OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.

GETTING HOME, DOING THEIR BEST, BUT WITH DIFFICULTY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION DRAWN BY ALKEN, AND ENGRAVED BY DICK
AFTER ENGLEHEART.

Copied from the London "Sportsman" Magazine.

Three steeds—three riders—"getting home!" A triad
"With difficulty doing" all "their best,"
After exertions, which, if you or I had,
Might make us look as queer as they do. Vest
All torn and soiled—hats looking rather crummy—
Tired limbs—and lips that willingly play dummy,
To bask in ease, with prime tobacco's sun up.
The very steeds, chap-fallen, seem to feel
That "getting home" is but a bore: for heel,
And hoof, and head, look literally *done up*!

AMONG the few redeeming qualities of the infernal railway system of travelling, is a diminution of animal suffering, which, to a certain extent, is inseparable from fast work on the road; and the only set-off against the noble diversion of fox-hunting is the occasional, but not very frequent, injuries which occur to horses following hounds, by accidents, or over-riding; the first are, we admit, unavoidable, but not so the last. The experienced sportsman rarely overmarks his horse; he knows when he is distressed, and either slackens his pace, or at once pulls him up, thinking it no disgrace to stop, provided he have gone well as long as his horse carried him well. Besides, there is no pleasure in riding a beaten horse, but, on the other hand, much discomfort and no small danger. Indeed the greater part of the fatal accidents that have occurred in the hunting field, have been from riding blown and distressed horses at stiff fences; inasmuch as, when they do fall, they fall with much more danger to the rider than when their wind and energies are at their command.

It is, however, not often that hunters are seen in the desperate condition in which the artist has so well depicted those now in our view, and especially in the crack country which the letters on the guide-post lead us to believe has been selected by him for the display of his pictorial art. The economical and humane system of the second horse in the hunting field, has greatly tended to alleviate the sufferings of the hunter, as well as to insure, as far as it can be insured, the safety of his rider; and it is our real opinion that from this cause, in conjunction with improved condition, not a score of these noble animals are killed from over exertion in the course of an entire season.

But how many good hunters have been lost after severe runs, from their riders' imprudence in persevering in getting them home,

instead of suffering them to repose for a few hours ; or, if necessary, for the night, in a stable near at hand, and some means taken to restore them. If only moderately distressed, half an hour's rest, with gruel or linseed tea, will relieve them, and enable them to proceed homewards without danger ; in addition to the gruel, half a pint of sherry wine may be given with a horn as a restorative, which it at once proves to be. But if symptoms of severe fatigue and distress are evident, with much disturbance of the respiratory organs, recourse must be had to a veterinary surgeon, or a well-experienced hunting groom, otherwise the horse may be lost for the want of his owner knowing what course to pursue. The lancet may be called for, but great discrimination may be wanting as to the time when it should be applied, and that "should never be," until the system has to a certain extent exhibited signs of abatement of the effect of severe distress ; in other words—in those of the stable—until the animal becomes cool. A combination of sedative and tonic medicine has the best chance of success.

There is one no inconsiderable evil attending the greatly over-riding hunters in the field. When once tired, many of them never are themselves again, but to account for this is beyond our powers of searching into the pathologic secrets of Nature ; but so it is. A hunter shall, to all appearance, recover from the effects of being tired in a run—shall feed well, look well, and be as lively as a bird throughout the remainder of the season ; and yet, strange to say, he shall never be the horse he was previously to his being tired ; and this is oftener the case with stallions than with mares and geldings. Reader, mark this—don't run the risk of spoiling a good hunter for the sake of saying you were in at the death ; be content with going as far as you can with ease to your horse and comfort to yourself, and remember the sacred injunction, that a righteous man should be merciful to his beast.

NEVER PHYSIC DOGS FOR THE DISTEMPER.

THE QUORN HOUNDS

WE have had some pretty runs with cubs, commencing on the 26th of August, several giving us a couple of hours and more. Litters were plentiful, and the young hounds did their duty handsomely, very few getting scot free ; the *ladies*, however, "bearing the bell." There being much corn still standing in our early proceedings, some of the young varmint's cunningly took shelter there, and the *darlings* were as a matter of course stopped. We had several scurries with old-uns, but as the object of our worthy Master was to enter the youngsters to *blood*, they were reserved for a more glorious destiny.

Our pack musters 46 couples of old, and 15½ of young hounds ; total 61½ couples ; and as there is a very good sprinkling of foxes,

should weather permit, we have a right to look forward to a splendid season.

And now you shall have a "secret worth knowing"—no more *ipse dixit*, no idle theorem, hanging like a gossamer over my speculative brain, but a downright well-authenticated fact, yet, like all great discoveries, turning on a trifling accident—and that is, "*Never physic dogs for the distemper.*"—*Probatum est.*

A Gentleman's kennel in this neighborhood was visited with this canine plague; pointers, setters, terriers, all fell ill, all were physicked *secundem artem*, and *all died!* Then, "wo the day," my Lady's darling "Bijou" was attacked. Dire mishap! The game-keeper was summoned, and he recommended "a dose," but Madame would not hear of giving a nauseous bolus to her pet! "Then she'll sartinly die, Ma'am! you'd better let me doctor her." All expostulation was fruitless—she would not, "*because she wouldn't!*"—This was conclusive, and the crest-fallen functionary retired, wondering at *some people's* obstinacy, and declaring "the poor hanimal must die, which, without a dose, would be sheer murder."

Remonstrance in more influential quarters was equally futile. "No, no," said the Lady: "the fact is, all your dogs were physicked, and *they all died.* Now, I will leave mine to Nature."—To Nature, therefore, was Bijou consigned; she was put into a loose box, with plenty of fresh water—nothing else—and in four days she came out as lively as one o'clock in the morning.

The Master of the Quorn, who is as wide awake as anybody, and with no *vulgar* prejudices to conquer, was so struck with this deviation from the old system, and its happy results, that he talked it seriously over with Day, the Huntsman, who, after a little modest hesitation, became a convert like a sensible man, and promised to adopt it in the kennels last spring. He did: all the young hounds had the distemper; not one had a dose of physic, and not one went wrong—*i. e.* died.

"Throw physic to the dogs" after this! but they, like *Macbeth*, "I'll have none on't." Neither will they follow the advice of *Lear*, "Take physic, Pomp;" that is, if Pomp or any other are dogs of *nous*.

I consider this not the least, Mr. Editor, among the great discoveries of the day, and hope the time is not far distant when horses may be treated in a less barbarous fashion, and not be, when the thermometer stands at 95° in the shade, persecuted with *double* clothing, or, just as the season of labor is commencing, physicked until they have not a leg to stand on from debility. No! leave them to Nature too, i' the name of common sense. She, when the sun is in the solstice, beneficently thins their coats, and provides abundance of fresh cooling grass—all that is necessary to fit them for the changes of the year. This plan has been adopted in the Billesdon stables, and every horse there is in splendid condition, with a coat so smooth and glossy as to excite the admiration of every visitor.

CLIO.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

By the steam ship *Hibernia*, which arrived at Boston on the 20th ult., we have London papers to the 4th December inclusive, and the Magazines for the month. Nothing of material importance has occurred in British Sporting Circles since our last, the following summary comprising the most interesting items of intelligence:—

Marquis of Waterford's Retirement from the Tipperary Hunt.—The Marquis of Waterford's hunting stables at Lakefield, county Tipperary, having been burnt down, and having little doubt in his own mind that the conflagration had been caused by an incendiary, the Noble Marquis resolved on withdrawing his establishment from the county. An address was subsequently drawn up by the Members of the Hunt and leading Gentry of the county, expressive of regret at the circumstance which had occurred, and thanking His Lordship in the warmest terms for the very liberal manner in which he had hunted the country, and his princely hospitality, adding, that in their opinion the fire was the result of accident, and hoping the Noble Marquis would continue among them. His Lordship returned a letter, addressed to the Members, explanatory of the reasons for his resignation of the hounds. "In December 1841," he says, "my hounds were poisoned; I treated the matter with contempt. In January 1843, they were again poisoned; I discovered the offender, and forgave him: but I stated publicly, that if a similar outrage were again committed, I should give up hunting the county. In 1843, my stables were burned, and, but for the prompt conduct of my servants, the whole establishment would have been consumed. From the threatening notices I had received, and from the sworn evidence of persons on the spot when the fire commenced, the Magistrates came to the conclusion that the burning was malicious. I immediately determined to leave Tipperary, feeling that such a system of annoyance more than counter-balanced the pleasures of fox-hunting."—The Noble Marquis, however, in order that his resignation might not impair the operations of the Club, with a truly generous and sporting feeling, has since presented the Committee with 52 couple of dogs and five horses from his stud, and continues his annual subscription of £100 to the Hunt.—Mr. Millett has undertaken the ostensible office vacated by the Noble Marquis.

Extraordinary Pedestrianism.—A great walking match between Robert Fuller, of London, who for some years has borne the title of Champion Pedestrian, and George Bradshaw, of Hammer-smith, who only "came out" in March last, for £50 a side, came off on the 13th of November at Bedford, in the presence of nearly four thousand persons. The distance was twenty-five miles, starting at the thirteenth mile-stone on the mile towards Hounslow;

the betting 5 to 4 on Bradshaw. At a quarter to one o'clock the men started, Bradshaw taking the lead and doing the first mile in 8 min. 3 sec. and about 40 yards ahead of Fuller. On returning to the starting-place, Bradshaw completed the two miles in 16½ min., and Fuller 20 sec. later. Bradshaw continued to lead and increase his advantage up to the 20th mile, which he accomplished in 3h. 5m., and Fuller in 3h. 10m. A trifling change now took place in favor of the latter, who increased his pace, and gained 1½ min. in the next two miles, and about the same in the final three; but it was too far gone to be recovered, and Bradshaw won the match by two minutes and a half, completing the twenty-five miles in *three hours and fifty-nine minutes*, fair toe and heel—assuredly the greatest performance ever witnessed in the annals of pedestrianism. Fuller had hitherto beaten all his competitors. His first appearance was in a six-mile match with Turner, whom he defeated, walking the distance in 54 min. and a few seconds. In February, 1827, he beat Ralph Burn in a forty mile Match by 25 min. 5 sec., finishing his task in 7h. 1m. 5s. He afterwards defeated the celebrated Townsend in a fifty mile Match, and subsequently beat Mountjoy, Bee, and other first-rate pedestrians. Fuller will be 30 years of age next June, and Bradshaw 18 in the present month (January).

A Good Leap.—During a trial in some fields near the terminus of the Great Western Railway, the steeple-chase horse Pilot cleared a space of thirty feet ten inches in a leap over a brook with a high bank and rail on one side of it, carrying a groom of twelve stone, besides the saddle, &c.

A Yorkshire paper announces the death of Mr. W. Lockwood, formerly keeper of the match book and clerk of the course at York, and judge of the Doncaster and other races in the north.

Mr. Whitworth's Oaks filly Lady Sarah, by Tomboy, out of Lady Moore Carew, is going to Dawson's to be trained.

Mr. William's Derby colt Red Rover, by Sir John, out of Rachel, will shortly join Mr. Scott's lot.

Mr. Heseltine has purchased of Mr. Allen his colt Fielding, by The Saddler, out of Fitzroy's dam; the price is said to be 300 guineas.

The Derby colt by Elis, out of Nanine, named by the Hon. S. Herbert, is now in John Day's lot; he is said to have been purchased by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Weatherley, of East Acton, once the owner of the celebrated stallion Sir Hercules, died on Sunday last.

Intelligence has been received of the demise of Mr. Charles Brinsley and Frank Sheridan. The first named died on Wednesday, in his 48th year—the latter on the 11th Sept., in the prime of life.

Loadstone, the Irish Derby crack, has gone to Isaac Day's stable. He has become the property of Mr. Gregory at the price of £1400, with £1000 extra should he win the Derby.

The sale of Mr. Ramsay's stud took place at Edinburgh on the 18th Nov. The following particulars are from "Bell's Life":—

| BROOD MARES | | £ |
|---|--|-----|
| Ch. m. by St. Patrick, out of Comedy by Comus, &c.; dam of Dirmid Cabrera, &c. Covered by Lanercost.—Bought by J. Menn, Esq. | | 140 |
| Br. m. by Redgauntlet (1835); grandam Amima by Sultan. Covered by Lanercost.—Mr. Meiklam | | 120 |
| Myrrha, by Malek, out of Besay by Young Gouty—the dam of Lara, Mes-salina, &c. Covered by Round Robin.—Lieut. Theker | | 90 |
| Magdalene, by Muley, out of Young Caprice. Covered by Round Robin — Lieut. Theker | | 55 |

| STALLIONS. | | |
|---|--|-----|
| The Doctor, by Dr Syntax.—Bought in | | 530 |
| Inheritor, by Lottery, out of Handmaiden by Walton.—Bought in.—(It is said Mr. Kirby has bought him.) | | 450 |
| Sheriff and Fulton, by The Saddler or Marcian, out of Frailty.—Hon. J. Sandilands | | 45 |
| The Black Prince, by Round Robin, out of Dolly Mop by Bob Booty.—Capt. Jones, of the Carabineers | | 45 |
| Neptune, by Physician, out of Fisher Lass by Osmond.—Bought in | | 40 |

| FOALS OF 1843, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS. | | |
|--|--|-----|
| Clanranald, br. c., by The Doctor, out of Cabrera's dam. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 1846 at Doncaster, and the Produce Stakes of 1846 at Newcastle.—Sir J. Boswell | | 150 |
| Inglewood, by Inheritor, out of Redgauntlet mare. In the Great York-shire Stakes.—Bought in | | 145 |
| Malcolm, ch. c. by The Doctor, out of Myrrha. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes and Produce Stakes of 1846 at Newcastle.—Bought in | | 80 |
| Br. f. by The Doctor, out of Magdalene.—Hon. J. Kenedy | | 45 |

| YEARLINGS WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS. | | |
|---|--|-----|
| Mid-Lothian, br. g. by Bay Middleton, out of Myrrha. In the King's Park Stakes at Stirling of 1844, the Foal Stakes at Doncaster of 1845, Produce at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and at Eglinton Park of 1845.—Bought in | | 380 |
| Millden, br. c. by Inheritor, out of Magdalene. In the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Eglinton Park of 1844, King's Park Stakes at Stirling of 1844, the Tyne Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne of 1844, the Gates-head or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle of 1845, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York of 1845.—Bought in | | 170 |
| Fortunatus, br. c. by Inheritor, out of Redgauntlet mare.—In the Tyne Stakes at Newcastle, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes.—John Wauchope, Esq | | 80 |
| The Rose of Cachmere, br. f. by Abraham Newland, out of Maturity by St. Nicholas. In the Produce Stakes at Eglinton Park of 1844, the Produce Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the Gateshead or Lot-tery Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1845.—Mr. Samuel Graham .. | | 11 |

| HORSES IN TRAINING. | | |
|--|--|-----|
| Moss Trooper, br. c. by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, 4 yrs.—Bought in for Mr. Maitland | | 760 |
| The Shadow, b. m. by The Saddler, out of Arinette, aged.—Bought in .. | | 610 |
| Whistle Binkie, br. c. by Round Robin, out of Lady Easby, 4 yrs.—Bought in | | 410 |
| Cabrera, ch. c. by Tomboy, out of Dirmid's dam, 4 yrs.—Sir George Houston | | 410 |
| Lady Skipsey, br. f. by Inheritor, out of Lady Easby, 3 yrs.—Bought in .. | | 260 |
| Foxbery, b. c. by Voltaire, out of Matilda, 4 yrs.—Sir George Houston .. | | 150 |
| Zoroaster, ch. g. by Priam, out of Spaewife, aged.—Mr. A. Cooke | | 140 |
| Nubian, ch. g. by Sultan, out of Variety.—G. Dunlop, Esq., for Hon. J. Sandilands | | 55 |
| Hesseltine, bl. c. by Inheritor, out of the Window Shut, 3 yrs.—Hon. J. Sandilands | | 32 |
| Clem o' the Cleugh, ch. g. by Corinthian, out of Rachel, aged.—Mr. A. Cooke | | 22 |

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 699.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE AND THE COCKTAIL, AND THE MANNER OF RUNNING ONE AGAINST THE OTHER.

WHY thorough-bred horses so far surpass half-bred ones, is not only from the circumstance of their being thorough-bred, but because they are bred to race; consequently greater pains are taken in selecting the dams and sires of such superior shape and make, with known good running properties, and kindness of temper, as may be thought best to answer the purpose of insuring good stock to the breeder, as it is natural to conclude that the produce will, more or less, inherit, either from their dams or sires, some of the above-mentioned good qualities. If the frame or bones of the blood-horse be proportionably well formed, he will have a spacious capacity of chest, with width of loins, together with breadth, length, and substance of his muscular and tendonous system. If the symmetry of those parts all coincide with each other, they are all of them, in the blood horse, much more compact, or closer in their texture, than the half-bred one. This description of horse is, therefore, unincumbered with any superfluous matter. In short, the thorough-bred horse, being well formed, has considerably more power in less compass than any other horse that may not have been so highly bred. The advantage this horse has over the coarse-bred one is, that he is capable, when it may be required of him, to go longer lengths in his gallops and sweats. A good training groom can, therefore, bring his wind and muscular system to greater perfection, by which this sort of horse is enabled to run on longer racing lengths, with much more ease to himself than any other horse of larger dimensions, that may not, as I have before noticed, be quite so well bred. Those are the assigned reasons why a thorough-bred horse can almost always beat a half-bred one in a long race, provided that the former be made proper use of sufficiently early in the running, whatever the length of the course may be, as a mile or two, or more.

Now, by way of example, let us suppose two horses are engaged to run together in a match, one a middling good thorough-bred horse, the other a good cock-tail. The trainer of the well-bred horse, in due time, on the morning the race may take place, talks over the subject of his orders to his jockey, as to how he wishes his horse to be ridden in the race. The jockey, of course, being a good judge of pace, the trainer says to him, "You must mind,

although our horse is a ready comer, he is no jade. Therefore, in making use of him, take care you don't overset him; yet, be sure you let him come off sufficiently early in the race;" the trainer, perhaps, naming at what part of the ground he thinks it will be best for the jockey to commence running with his horse. Again, he goes on to say, "Mind you come a pretty good telling pace with your horse, so as to draw their horse well out to the top of his pace; having done so, don't leave him, but stay with him and keep him at the pace, until you are sure you have got him thoroughly well beat, before you come too near home. You may then finish the race, to satisfy the crowd." Unless such a race as we have described is run pretty much as we have advised, the cock-tail, or half-bred horse, may beat the thorough-bred one, if the latter is allowed to run his own race; that is, if he is allowed to run within himself until he comes within a short distance of home, when he is very likely to be quite as fast, or, perhaps, a little faster than the thorough-bred one, and, if so, he would consequently win the match. Now, with regard to how the cock-tail, or half-bred horse is to be ridden, when running in company with a certain number of horses, at a country meeting, five or six perhaps, that may be entered in a stake or handicap, at five sovereigns each, with something added by the stewards, and that the whole of the horses, according to their breeding and running properties, are very fairly weighted—the trainer of the half-bred horse, in quietly talking to his jockey on the day of running for the stakes just mentioned, says to him, "The horse we have most to be afraid of in the race is such a one," naming the horse to the jockey, observing at the same time, that he will be rather a busy horse in the running; "You must therefore not attempt to go to the head with our horse, for the shorter the race is for him the better he will like it; the only chance we have to win is to wait, and if we are not beat before we come within the distance, we are, I know, faster than the majority of them for this length; and we may, perhaps, be faster than the whole of them for it. But, if there should be too much running made for our horse, and he should be beat for pace before he comes within his own rally, take a pull, and decline the race; do not attempt running for a place. In short, if we cannot be first pretty cleverly, it is most likely we cannot be second; and, if we could, it is a bad place, as it only exposes one's horse; and as the entrance money in this instance is scarcely worth saving, we will not abuse or punish our horse to save it." These are much such orders as should be given by trainers to their jockies, when they are about to ride moderate runners or thorough-bred horses, or pretty good half-bred ones: as such a description of horses do sometimes meet, and, to make sport, they are engaged to run together in a match, for a plate or stakes, at some one country meeting. But we shall shortly have to describe the very nice and most advantageous manner for jockies to ride such horses as may be heavily engaged, or such of the young ones as the two or three year olds, that may have to come out to run for those valuable stakes at Newmarket, Epsom, and

Doncaster, on which the betting makes it so well worth while to take the necessary pains to bring a horse out to run in his very best form.

It may not be out of place here to give the definition of a racing cock-tail. This term means, as applied to the horse, that the animal is not clean or thorough-bred, that is, he has some little stain in his pedigree, when traced so far back as the great grandam or sire, or, perhaps, the great great grandam or sire; that is, one or the other of those, certainly not both, had some little flaw in its pedigree, but of so trifling a nature, that, if the cocktail has good action, and is upon the whole well formed, more particularly over his chest, his wind, which is of the most material consequence, can be brought to the greatest perfection, so that the difference between him and the thorough-bred horse scarcely at times amounts to a distinction, as the former in running will occasionally beat the latter. Indeed, the main object of attending to the breeding of this description of horse is principally to qualify him to enter and run with other half-bred horses, and which he is certainly entitled to do, unless the drawing up of the articles for a hunter's plate or stakes should be so worded, as to shut such a horse out of the race. And although a cock-tail horse, in the common acceptation of the word, is not thorough-bred, yet he is so near to being so, as to be able to beat any casually half-bred horse; which latter is generally understood to be a horse tolerably well; or, indeed, he may perhaps be very near thorough-bred. But then, this horse is bred so, more by chance than by any premeditated design of the breeder to breed such a horse for any other purpose than that of making him a hunter; and if the owner finds that the horse he has bred has pretty good speed, he may perhaps enter him to run for a hunter's stakes in the neighborhood in which such a horse may have been hunted, and he is thereby qualified to start in a race with other horses that are much on a par with himself. But, to allow a good cock-tail horse to be entered into such a race as this, would be bad judgment, unless he was heavily weighted; for he is, in every respect, so very closely connected with that of the thorough-bred race-horse, that he would most likely, not only beat nearly all the half-bred horses he may be running with, but he may occasionally beat some very fair thorough-bred ones with which he may have to run.

THE NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE TO BE ACQUIRED BY NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TURF.

The nobleman or gentleman who keeps a large establishment of race-horses is of course to be considered the master of them; and if he intend to be paid handsomely the expenses incurred by his horses, he must be industrious, and make himself acquainted with all the practical circumstances belonging thereunto. The first of these circumstances is, he should be a good judge of the formation and action of a race-horse, and, in the selection of those for his

own stable, he should not lose sight of what is termed fashionable or running blood. Secondly, he should make himself acquainted with all the laws, rules, and regulations of the racing calendar. Unless he understands this book perfectly, and procures for himself a thorough knowledge of the running of the different horses recorded in it, and particularly the length of the courses they run over, and the weights they carried, as well also as any adjudged cases or items, that may be annually or occasionally changed; he will most likely not enter his horses into their different engagements with that degree of advantageous accuracy he ought. Thirdly, he should turn his attention to that of being on good terms with the people of his stable, as the trainer, the jockey, the head lad, and the best riding boys, of whose sobriety he should be well assured, and that they are faithfully awake to his interest. Fourthly, he is to endeavor, as far as it is in his power, to ascertain how his horses are going on as to their bodily health while in the stables, and how sound they may be on their feet and legs when out of them; as well also as how fit they may be with respect to the state of their condition, so as to be able to perform well what may be required of them in their gallops, sweats, and trials; unless they are in a fit state to be tried, the owner will be deceived in them. Fifthly, he is to turn his attention more earnestly to the system of betting, and narrowly watch the movements and changes made in the betting market, as to how justly, from his own private opinion, his own horses or those of others may have been got up as favorites, or what others may have gone down in the odds, by being made outsiders. Of those matters, the owner may form some idea from the private trials and public running of the horses in his own stable; that is, if the people of his stable know well what they are about, and that they are strictly honest to him; he can also judge a little from the public running of other horses in such races as his own horses have been engaged to run in, where they have, in getting near home, come to a pretty close finish on passing the winning-post. Sixthly, he must be careful how he backs his fancy, or takes the odds out of his own stable. As racing matters are so very differently managed now to what they were formerly, he cannot be too cautious how he places confidence in the opinion of others, which may be given him unasked; he should be very careful in acting on such information, at least in such of the great stakes as are made play or pay, as it is generally the case that stakes thus made make the betting P. P. Under the above circumstances, the old way of betting round is the safe game to play, by beginning early in all great stakes, as the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger, and many other similar ones, as some of those at Newmarket, and a few others at some of the meetings in the country. If a man has money to back himself on, let him begin early to lay the odds against all the horses in every great play or pay race, where the bets are P. P., as there is only one in each race that can win. To play this game, he must attend on such days as the betting market is open, and watch narrowly the fluctuations of it, keeping his own stable as secret and as much in

reserve as may best suit his book, which latter he must often and well con over; he must watch and see if there is any favorable or unfavorable changes in the market, that may induce him to lay on, or hedge off, just as he may conceive is necessary to bring himself safe and well home; he is to look cautiously at these matters, and in due time, as a week before the running of each race, he should compare his book with those of others with whom he may have betted, who of course are such men as are capable of paying their losings, for lose they all must, by taking the long odds in those great races, upon every horse except one in each race. If a man has entered a couple of good colts in any one of the above stakes, and has proved such two colts to be superior to any colt he had ever previously tried out of his own stable, and that they have neither of them fallen amiss, either constitutionally or from accident—and that he has been able to keep these two colts in the dark until just before the time of their coming to post—if the owner of such two colts be a man of long practical experience in racing matters, he will have a right to expect to win one or other of the great stakes mentioned, (let us say, for example, it is the Derby, for which stake the getting a couple of colts ready to run will be described in a future chapter). We will, therefore, consider the owner to be a good judge, and capable of betting his money with as much advantage as a betting man; by his being capable of doing this, he saves the expense of employing a commission bettor, and by his not employing this man he keeps the secrets of what his colts can do more to himself, until the race is over. Now, under these circumstances, the odds would be likely to be high against the two colts in question near the time of their coming to the post—by the owner taking such odds as may suit him, and afterwards hedging the little he would lose in case of anything unforeseen happening, he will have made all safe; but, if either of the colts should win the Derby, the owner will, in casting up his book, previous to his paying and receiving, find he has a strong useful stake in his favor, as well as in favor of the stable. It is very well known, that the word “stable” is applied to a building erected for the purpose of keeping horses in; but, in the present instance, as that of a balance being in favor of the stable, it alludes principally to the people who are in the secret of what the horses in a racing stable can do, (which, of course, the master ought to be in every department of it), as the private training groom, the private jockey, the head lad, and perhaps one or two of the best riding boys; should these people have kept faithfully and honestly the secrets of what their master’s horses may be equal to doing, their master should liberally reward them for their integrity, by letting them stand their money to a certain extent in his own book: and further, if a master finds, in the settling of his book, that he has won a good stake, as from five to ten or fifteen thousand pounds, and that he is fully aware that his good success has been occasioned as much, or perhaps more, by the good management and secrecy of his people than from his own good judgment, he should, in addition to allowing his people to

stand their money with him, give to each of them, according to the class or rank they may individually hold, a bonus for their honest fidelity towards him.

Those who keep racing establishments will find the above method much more beneficial to their interest than to employ commission bettors; men thus employed may act honestly in executing the commission given to them, whether it be to bet against your own bad horses, to pay the expense of keeping them, or whether it be to bet in favor of your own good ones, to win a large stake on them; still, however, a betting man having performed his commission in the market according to the orders he may have received from the owner of a stable of race-horses (who may not like to bet against his own horses himself,) has it in his power, and can, if he chooses, from knowing the secrets either the one way or the other of such stables, commence doing what business for himself he thinks will be the most advantageous for his own book; and after having done this, he can also, if he chooses, furnish one or two of his particular friends with the information thus acquired, which they will well know how to turn to good account.

I would recommend all noblemen and gentlemen who are on the turf to endeavor to return to the good old fashioned way of doing the business of the stables and their horses, viz., by keeping their private training groom and jockey on their own premises. Honesty is the best policy, and no doubt there are plenty of men in each of the above capacities still to be found that will do justice to their employers; and when such men can be had, confidence should be placed in them, that is, if they are found upon trial to be men of integrity they should be encouraged in the way I have already mentioned. It will not be found to answer the purpose of the owner of a stable of race-horses to act towards his training groom and jockey as he might do to the domestic servants of his family; the latter, if they did not suit him, he might discharge, and hire others in their places, without any great inconvenience to his establishment. But for the owner to dismiss for a mere trifle either his trainer or jockey, both of whom, we are to suppose, are not only good judges of their art, but know well the constitutions and tempers of the horses, which they may have had for a long time under their care (unless they should be found to be tricky), would be attended, for some time, in a variety of ways, with great inconvenience if not considerable losses of money.

Lastly, we further advise gentlemen of the turf not to be too fond of giving their own orders to their jockies, as to how they wish them to ride their horses in their different engagements, unless they are very good judges. A gentleman having a horse going to run for a small stake, as a fifty pound plate, and choosing to give his own orders, on such an occasion as this, his making his own arrangements with his jockey is not of much importance—the orders given by the owner may be proper enough, but by chance they may be wrong. In racing it will not do to trust much to chance; it is true, chance may give a lucky hit now and then; but where a horse is deeply engaged, as having to run in any of

the great stakes we have mentioned, the most likely way to win the game in the end will be to trust to the cool, patient consideration and practical experienced knowledge of the trainer, who has had the feeding and the working of the horse that may be engaged to run, and knows what the lengths were, and at what pace the horse was capable of coming in those lengths; and he also knows what length of rally the horse could come at his best pace in the finishing certain parts of his work, near to the time of his running. From those circumstances the trainer best knows how the powers of the horse should be economized, agreeable to the state and length of the ground on which he is going to run, as well also as his taking into his consideration the sort of running that may be made by the party of horses in which the one we are alluding to may be engaged.

THE FIRST WEEK IN OCTOBER.

BY DETONATOR.

THE concurrent testimony of the almanac-makers, and the corroborative fact of London being deserted by all true Knights of the Trigger, would induce us to believe that old October has paid us his annual visit; but as far as appearances go, for "the first week in October," we might fairly read "the first week in June." The russet garb, which in the good old time "when George the Third was King," formed the distinguishing characteristic of the ale-brewing month, appears to have been "postponed until further notice," as the managers of matters theatrical are wont to say in their play-bills. Before Captain Parry went to the North Pole—and what he did with it we must presume is a secret known only to himself and his fellow-explorers—our woods and coverts were invariably denuded of foliage at this period of the year: a crisp frost for the two or three previous weeks had stripped the trees of the summer's growth, and the gaudy pheasant, the *divini gloria ruris*, could be arrested in his flight through the leafless branches by the unerring aim of the sportsman; but now, in this graceless year 1843, our woods and dells are as dense and impenetrable as in July. The "Hecla" and the "Fury" *must* have bumped the North Pole and turned it upside down. The nature of things is subverted. We have a Siberian climate in June, and a taste of the dog-days towards Christmas: so that Sir Edward Parry, Captain Liddon, and Co., have much to answer for to us covert-shooters. This is the only reasonable cause I can assign for these unwelcome freaks of Nature, although other reasons have been adduced to account for the phenomena—the Tories say, it is owing to the Reform Bill, as everything has gone wrong since its introduction; while, on the other hand, the respectable fraternity of cab-drivers

assert, without the fear of contradiction, that "it's all along o' them fourpenny bits." Leaving this momentous question to be decided by wiser heads than mine, I will proceed without further preface to give an account of my crusade against the long-tails during "the first week in October" last past.

All good Christians are aware that Sunday is a *dies non* with the Sportsman; so that, albeit I have not the honor of being an Irishman, I may be permitted to say the first fell on the second this year: at all events, the second was the first day of pheasant-shooting, and early on Monday I was up and ready for action. In my last paper I believe I stated that there was a very pretty sprinkling of pheasants in my neighborhood. This I had ascertained during my scorching walks in September, and I naturally looked forward to some tolerable sport to make up for the deficiency I had experienced amongst the partridges. I have been so fortunate as to have established a friendly intercourse with the farmers and landed proprietors around me, and to their kindness and urbanity I am indebted for an uninterrupted enjoyment of my favorite amusement. With one of the principal renters in an adjoining parish I have the pleasure of being on the most sociable terms, and, in addition to other sterling qualities, he is a keen as well as an excellent Sportsman. I met him by appointment about a mile from the village where I am ruralizing, and, accompanied by our worthy Rector, we exchanged a cordial greeting on the Castle Hill at the hour agreed upon. The first covert we tried turned up a blank: in the second, the sturdy yeoman knocked over a fine cock pheasant, which, being only winged, was lost in the impenetrable furze and brushwood. Our setters were first-rate dogs, but nothing but a spaniel could have recovered the wounded bird. This was disappointment No. 1, and ere our day's fun was brought to a conclusion we had three similar misadventures.

The extraordinary continuation of fine weather we have had for the last three months has extended the summer beyond its usual limits; not a puff of wind or a shower of rain have we had in these parts since July; consequently not a leaf has fallen, and shooting in covert at this moment is all guess work, as tantalizing to the shooter, as unfair and cruel towards the birds, for on the day I am recording two brace and a half of pheasants were wounded and lost to us. *Quant à moi*, I only brought one respectable old cock-bird to bag. We sprung hen-birds innumerable; but the ladies were respected, and permitted to escape shot free. Not a straggler did we fall in with either in furze or hedgerow, although during the preceding fortnight, when an embargo was laid on the trigger, I had fallen in with cock-birds out of number scattered all over the country.

Our worthy Rector and myself had engaged to dine at the comfortable farm-house of our companion in the field, and a kinder or more hospitable welcome never greeted two hungry guests. It is refreshing in these days of cant and humbug to find the *beau idéal* of an honest upright English yeoman; it is an indigenous sample of English growth, and one I glory to come in contact with. The

individual under whose roof I was to experience the rites of unostentatious hospitality is the brightest specimen of this truly admirable character: upright and just in all worldly dealings, of uncompromising integrity, and endowed with the nicest sense of honor—for I am certain he could not utter a falsehood if he were to try—and possessing a heart and kindly feelings which endear him to his family, while he is beloved and respected by all who know him. He would, I know, shrink from having his worth recorded in print: but this is, nevertheless, a true picture of Mr. James Halse, of Bruckland. This very pretty estate which he rents, and which contains some very pretty preserves, is the property of Mr. Bartlett, of Fenchurch Street, who is fortunate in having so respectable a tenant, and who, I have reason to know, appreciates his worth to the fullest extent. Give me the clean and wholesome fare at the well-spread board of an opulent farmer, where the household affairs and culinary arrangements are under the guidance and superintendence of the petticoats. On this occasion the female influence was easily detected in all the little knick-knacks which graced the table, to say nothing of the unimpeachable puddings, the cream, the butter, the home-made bread, and the snow-white linen. Our beef was salted to a turn, and the Michaelmas goose, plump, juicy, and tender; the cider and ale sparkling and clear; Heliogabalus himself would have been in his glory, and would doubtless have tipped the hot toddy, and blown a cloud with us after dinner, which we did in the plenitude of our enjoyment. We took leave of our jolly host soon after ten, and our worthy Rector and myself reached our respective domiciles by eleven.

On the following day, I killed a brace and a half of birds, two of which fell to the gun under rather extraordinary circumstances. In a very large field of potatoes, skirted by hedge-rows and a plantation of furze, my dog dropped on a point, and as I walked up to her, I distinctly heard the crowing of a cock-pheasant; her game was evidently running before her, and she drew on accordingly. The whole of this time the crowing continued without intermission. These little dodges were carried on the whole length of the field, when up got a fine old bird, which I knocked over; and just as I fired, another cock-bird rose, and by good luck he fell also before the second barrel. The crowing in this instance was loud and without intermission, and I never remember the signal to have been kept up for so great a length of time. It is rather unusual, I believe, and I have therefore recorded the fact.

I had one blank day during the week, although I found more birds that morning than before or since; but the covert was so thick it was impossible to make sure of a single shot. I have been out six times altogether since the opening day, and have bagged five brace only. I had hoped and expected to double this number at least, for the numerous "eyes" in the coverts all around my snug cottage would have justified the expectation. It is hopeless, however, to look for anything like sport until we have a soak-

ing rain, windy nights, and a smart frost or two to bring the leaf down. Yesterday, the ninth, we had a heavy shower, but it did not last above an hour.

The partridges are still *sub tegmine fagi*, I suspect, for I have but a very few brace to add to my last report. The birds will not leave the covert until they are driven out by wet; so that, what with the hot and dry weather and luxuriant foliage, my bulletin up to this period, Oct. 10, is but a sorry one.

Some gentlemen of inventive imaginations would perhaps be ashamed to commit to paper so unpretending and insignificant a sum total of slain, and substitute higher figures instead of honest facts by way of proving their skill in the use of the trigger; but as a faithful chronicler, I give you facts instead of fiction, preferring the old jog-trot plan of sober truth to the astounding reports of some modern Munchausens.

That I shall be enabled to show in my next paper that I am not quite "a muff" in covert, I am convinced. We have plenty of birds if we could but see them; and as my Westley Richards shoots strong and straight, I promise when the leaf is down to forward you, Mr. Editor, not only a more satisfactory account of the sport in this neighborhood, but a brace or two of pheasants into the bargain; and I will give you due notice when your cook may prepare the gravy and bread-sauce.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

A FEW HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP.

BY NIMROD.

It is not every man who has the luck of being by nature formed to ride well. He who has round thighs and large calves to his legs cannot sit close to, and comfortable on, his horse, even in his gallop, and in his leap it is most distressing to him, by coming bump down in his saddle, after his horse has landed, instead of being, as it were, part and parcel of him, or demi-corps'd, as Shakspeare says, with the brave beast. Such a man is said, and admirably said, too, to have a "wash-ball seat;" the metaphor being taken from a wash-ball rolling about in a basin, the surfaces of each being so slippery. The fact is, a man to ride well should not appear to be thus demi-corps'd, but every method and art must be practised to create and preserve, in both man and horse, all possible feeling and sensibility, which can only be done by a firm, yet delicate, hand, the general result of a good seat.

As in the rising and falling of a board placed "in equilibrio," the centre will be most at rest, the true seat on a horse will be found to be on that part of your saddle into which your body would naturally glide; and as the point of union between the shoulders and

the body of the horse is the strogest part of him, it is there you ought to sit. Let your saddle be as close to the shoulder bones as you can place it, so as not to interfere with their action ; and let your stirrups be sufficiently long to enable you to sit well down on your fork, with your knees nearly straight, but still having support from your stirrups. It is a mistaken notion that, by riding with short stirrup leathers, you sit easier to your horse. The contrary is the fact. You, in that case, not only throw your weight backwards towards the loins, which are least able to support it, but, by having the knees lifted so high, the thighs are rendered useless as far as the *clip* is concerned, which is very necessary in hunting, if not at all other times. The legs are thus likewise deprived of much of their essential assistance, and the pressure of the leg, to say nothing of the spur, has a sensible effect on a horse, who is not only alive to all such *aids*, as they are called in the school, but who is, you may rely upon it, perpetually on the lookout for them. In fact, you should understand your horse, as you would an author, and he will equally understand you ; for although he may not comprehend your language, he comprehends all arbitrary signs and motions, and neither his ears nor his eyes are the only organs through which they are conveyed to him.

Do not ride fast at the majority of fences. For example, if the ditch be on the rising side, I may, by so doing, cause my horse to put his feet into it before he spring at the hedge. Should the ditch be on the landing side, the case is somewhat altered, as the pace should be regulated by its width. If I have reason to believe it is of moderate width, I do not ride fast at the fence, because it may make my horse leap farther than he needs to leap, and, of course, help to exhaust him. But if, when within a few yards of the hedge, and going slowly at it, I perceive the ditch to be a broad one, I urge my horse by the hand or spur, so as to make him understand that he is to extend himself sufficiently to clear a wide space of ground. If the ground on the landing side be much lower than that on the rising side, causing what we call "a drop leap;" or even if the ground be not lower, but soft or boggy, I give my horse all the assistance in my power, by throwing my body back, availing myself at the same time of a resisting power from my stirrups. But another precaution is necessary when the ditch is on the rising side, or indeed with all fences, except those (and I will presently name them) which require to be ridden quickly at. This is, to fore-shorten my horse's stroke, so as to enable him to gather himself together for the spring, else he may misjudge his distance, and get too near to the fence to rise at it. In fact, to judge accurately of the distance from a fence, at which the spring should be taken, is a great accomplishment in both man and horse. In the former, it is the result of experience and a quick eye ; with the latter, it is in a great measure dependant on temper ; and, consequently, violent horses, "rushing fencers," as they are called, never perfectly acquire it. It is "a serious failing" in a horse to take his spring sooner than he need take it ; and *perfect* fencers go close up to their fences before they rise at

them, especially with hedges, the ditches to which are on the rising side. Horses, however, of hasty temper, well-bred ones particularly with great jumping powers, cannot always be made to do so. Neither will they save themselves by walking into, or pushing through places which do not require to be cleared by a leap; so far from it indeed, many, otherwise excellent, hunters will scarcely suffer a briar to touch their legs. A good bridle-hand here comes to our assistance, more especially with horses which are difficult to handle, either from the imperfection of too fine a mouth, or of a loose, ill-formed neck. It is difficult to offer instruction here, as there ought to be an absolute interchange of feeling between the instructor and the instructed, to render them intelligible to each other; but I will endeavor to make myself understood thus:—When you approach a fence with a horse of this description, you should leave him as much to himself as you may find it prudent to do, and especially when within a few yards of it. If you are obliged to check his speed, do so with as light a hand as possible; and if he shows a dislike to be much checked, by throwing up his head, or snatching violently at his bit, drop your hand to him, and let him go. He has by this time, most probably, measured the fence with his eye, and it may not be safe to interfere with him.

Double fences, still more so with a horse not perfect in his mouth, and the setting on of his head, put the hand of a horseman to the test. The first part of such fence, usually a ditch, may be cleared without difficulty, and so may the second, if visible; but it often happens that neither horse nor rider is prepared for the second. Here it is that, in my opinion, lifting your horse by the hand is to be recommended, and in few cases besides. My objection to it generally arises from the horse being led to expect it; and if he do not get it at the critical moment, it may mislead him. In short, it requires a hand nicer and finer than common, to make a practice of lifting a hunter at his fences. Nevertheless, in the instance I have alluded to, the unforeseen ditch, it is useful; as likewise towards the end of a severe run, where horses, from distress, are given to be slovenly at their fences, if not disposed to run into them. In leaping timber fences, I consider the attempt to lift a hunter to be dangerous; for a horse becomes a good timber-leaper from confidence in his own powers; and if he finds he is to wait, as it were, for your pleasure for him to rise at a gate, or a stile, he will be very apt to make mistakes.

I have already observed that timber fences, as well as hedges, plashed down longwise, with very strong growers, are the most dangerous of any, by reason of their general strength; if a horse strikes them with his knees, or get across them, as it were, by not being able to bring his hinder quarters clear of them, they are nearly certain to cause him to fall. And he falls from timber in a form much more dangerous to his rider than when he stumbles and eventually falls, by putting his feet into a ditch. In the latter case, his fore-quarters come to the ground first; and by breaking the force of the falls, the rider has time to roll away from him, before he himself rolls over, should the violence of the fall cause him to

do so. In the former case, if the timber be strong enough firmly to resist the weight and force of a horse that strikes it with its fore-legs, especially if above the knees, the first part of his body which comes to the ground is either his back or his rump. Should the rider then not be thrown clear of him, he must be made of hard stuff if no bones be broken, or some other serious injury sustained. All this then enforces the advice I have given of avoiding strong timber with horses not perfect at leaping it, as much as may be compatible with keeping your place with hounds; and still more so with horses, how perfect so ever they may be at it, that are blown, or very much distressed.

Never ride fast at a timber fence, unless it be a low one, with something wide to be cleared on the landing side. If we see a boy exercising himself in leaping height, we do not see him run quickly at it, neither does he run over much ground, before he makes his springs; on the contrary, he only takes a few steps, and those at a moderate rate. When I ride at high timber, I pursue this plan. I take rather a firm hold of my horses' head, chiefly by the aid of the bridoon, if his mouth is good enough for it; and let him understand, by assuming an air of resolution, that I not only mean him to leap it, and that I will not suffer him to turn his tail to it, but that it is something at which his best energies will be required of him. But, above all things, I avoid interfering with his stroke or stride, beyond pulling him together, unless absolutely called upon to do so, by some peculiarity of the ground, such as a grip on a head-land, or a ditch on a rising ground, which is often the case with rail fences. A horse making up his mind to leap a timber fence, will, of his accord, regulate that matter, and gradually gather himself on his haunches, previous to being required to take his spring at the fence. He will, likewise, if you let him, often make choice of the pace at which he goes up to a gate, &c. It is true the deer can clear a greater height in its trot than in any other pace, but a horse prefers the slow gallop, or canter, when thus called upon to exert himself; for if he do trot to an upright fence, we generally see him break into a canter in the last few yards. As the fulcrum for the spring comes from behind, the canter is the most natural pace, the haunches being then more under his body. Of course, this all holds good equally with stone walls, as with timber fences; but I consider those which are made loose, and without the accompaniment of ditches, as is the case in the greatest part of this county, to be almost the least dangerous fence we ride at, inasmuch as, should a horse strike it, he will seldom fall over it under a good horseman.

When riding at high timber, your seat—as well as your hand—requires attention. I have already said on what part of your horse you ought to sit—namely, in the middle of your saddle, which should be placed close to the shoulder bones, when your seat will be most secure, from its being just in the centre of motion when your horse springs at his fence; I have also said, that the true hunting seat will be found nearly in that part of the saddle into which your body would naturally glide, if you mounted without stirrups. But other

security than this is required to insure safety over very high and upright fences. It is not the horse's rising that tries the firmness of the rider's seat; the lash of his hinder legs is what ought chiefly to be guarded against, and is best done by the following simple means:—Incline your body backwards, and grasp the saddle lightly with the hollow, or inner part of your thighs; but let there be no stiffness in any part of your person at this time, in the loins particularly, which should be more than usually pliant. A stiff seat cannot be a secure one, because it offers resistance to the violent motions of the horse, which is clearly illustrated by the cricket-player. Were he to hold his hand firm and fixed when he catches a ball struck with great force, his hand or arm would be broken by the resistance; but by yielding his hand gradually, and for a certain distance, to the motion of the ball, by a due admixture of opposition and obedience, he catches it without sustaining injury. Thus it is in the saddle. A good horseman recovers his poise by giving some way to the motion, whereas a bad one is flung from his seat, by endeavoring to be fixed in it. In old times, when the hunter was trained to leap all upright fences at the stand, those precautions were still more necessary, because the effect of the lash of the hinder quarters was more violent and sudden, in consequence of the horse being so close to his fence, that he rose perpendicularly at it, and not with the lengthened sweep of a flying leap.

The only fences at which you should not ride quietly are—a hedge, beyond which you have reason to believe there is a very wide ditch and a brook, when the momentum or impetus derived from the speed, assists not only to clear the expanse of water, but in preventing the horse falling backwards, should he not quite clear it, but drop a hind leg under the bank. Still there are exceptions to the rule of riding *fast* at brooks. When they are not wide, and the backs be sound, it takes less out of a horse to put him at them at a moderate pace. Neither should he be ridden quickly at them when they overflow their banks, as it will then require all his circumspection and care to know when or where to spring from to cover them. In fact, overflown brooks are rather formidable obstacles; but, (a fine trial of hand,) instances do occur in the course of a season, where they are leaped when in that state by some of the field, but not by many. Nothing indeed tends to make a field so select, as what is termed a “good yawning brook,” with rather doubtful banks.

When a man rides over a wide brook, or indeed any other fence, which requires much ground to be covered to clear it, how is it, the reader may ask, that his horse does not leap from under him; for although he has a certain hold by his bridle, it must be very unequal to the weight of his own body, increased by the resistance of the air? How is it that, when the horse alights, the rider alights in the very same spot in the saddle on which he sat when his horse sprang at the brook?

I will answer that question in a few words:—The body of the rider so far partakes of the speed of his horse, and increases in

common with it, that with very little assistance from his bridle reins, he keeps himself in his proper place. If it were not so, what would become of the rider in the circus, who leaps directly upward, through a hoop perhaps, or over his whip, whilst his horse is going at considerable speed. He would, by necessity, alight upon the ground perpendicularly, under the point at which he sprang from his saddle. It is evident, however, that on leaving the saddle, the body of the rider has equal velocity with that of the horse; and the spring which he takes perpendicularly upward, in no degree diminishes this velocity; so that while he is ascending from the saddle, he is still advancing with the same speed as his horse, and continues so advancing until his return to his saddle. In this case, the body of the rider describes the diagonal of a parallelogram upward, in the direction in which he makes the leap. From these facts, then, may the advantages of good horsemanship be appreciated; and as it appears that the motion of the rider and his horse are so intimately connected and in unison with each other; (for, were the circus rider to project his body forward, in his leap through the hoop, as he would do if it were on the ground, he would alight on his horse's head or neck, or perhaps *before* his head, for he would then advance forward more rapidly than his horse), the importance of a steady seat and a good hand is apparent, and accounts for some men crossing a country on middling horses, quicker and better than others do upon really good ones. And yet the eye has a good deal to do with all this. I once imprudently rode at rather a wide brook with my eyes shut, in fear of having them injured by some briars; the consequence was, my alighting on the pommel of the saddle, and bruising myself very much.

I have a great dislike to swimming brooks on many accounts:—first, it tends greatly to beat your horse; and, secondly, if he is blown, he may so far sink under your weight as to oblige you to dismount in the stream, and you run a risk of a blow from his feet, in getting away from him. From the many accidents of hunting men, within the last twenty years, in the act of crossing rivers, it is to be lamented that the exercise of swimming horses in the summer months is not more generally resorted to. That it was practised by the ancients we know; for we find Alexander the Great swimming the Granicus with thirteen troops of horse. But horses should be practised in swimming, as well as their riders, as some of them are much alarmed when, for the first time, they lose their legs in water, and often turn themselves over. That the act of swimming upon horses, when they are fresh, is a most simple and safe one to those who practice it often, may be proved at many of our watering places in the summer, where boys swim them out to sea for a very small reward. I observe they lean their body forward, so that the water gets under it, and partly floats it, interfering as little as possible with the horse's mouth; at all events never touching the curb rein. When the sportsman determines to swim his horse in deep water, and the bank will admit of it, he should enter it as gradually and slowly as possible, as not only will his horse be less alarmed at the loss of his footing, but less

liable to turn himself over in the stream. Thus, in fording a brook too wide to leap, and with a soft bottom, a horse should be ridden *very slowly* into it, which will enable him to get his hinder legs well under his body before he makes his spring to ascend the opposite bank, which he would have much difficulty to do if he enter the brook quickly. He would be more likely to flounder and fall on his head.

No man can escape falls who rides near to hounds ; at the same time, much of their more serious consequences may be avoided by care and simple caution. First, by always riding in thin boots and large stirrups ; secondly, by coolness at the time. Again, with a thin boot and a roomy and *deep* stirrup, even without spring bars, you are in very little danger of being dragged, which is one of the most awful situations in which a rider to hounds can be placed. Indeed, I know some persons—the late Duke of Cleveland, for example, who laugh at spring bars to saddles ; and I confess I have more than once lost my place in a run, from having a stirrup left behind in a fence, owing to the leather slipping out of the bar ; but I now remedy this, by having the spring made more stiff. I have seen some very frightful falls and accidents in my time. The worst accidents I ever witnessed, however, were those of a compound fracture of the leg, and a simple one of the skull ; but amongst my acquaintance I can enumerate two fractures of the pelvis, and one cut throat ; the person I allude to, having fallen on a newly cut faggot stump, which made a wide gash in his throat, narrowly missing the great jugular vein. Then I have a word or two to say about teeth :—I saw a fine young man have every one in the upper jaw knocked out of their sockets by a fall ; and I knew a master of fox hounds who was served the same trick, but he neither lost his teeth nor his place in the run. He rode back to the spot, after his fox was killed, found his teeth, had them replaced in his jaws, and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they remain to this day. Again, I can give some ludicrous accounts of falls. A hard-riding whipper-in, who, up to a certain day, had escaped better than could have been expected, came neck and croup over a high fence, and his horse ran away from him, after rolling over him. “ Well, *now*, I be hurt,” said he to himself, as he limped away after his nag—as much as to say he had got his deserts at last. Then the story of the Leicestershire grazier is not amiss, who, when they were trying to pull his neck into joint, supposing it to be dislocated by the fall, desired them to desist, as he was *born with a vry-neck*. But to be serious—and, indeed, this is scarcely a fit subject for joking—as all men who ride a hunting are more or less subject to falls, it is well that young sportsmen should know that there is an art in falling, as well as in preventing falls. This consists in getting clear of the horse as soon as possible, which a man accustomed to falling has a better chance to do than one who runs less risk of it, owing to having greater self-possession at the moment. Next to a horse coming neck and croup over a high and stiff timber fence, a fall in galloping at full speed is most dangerous, and apt to dislocate the rider’s neck, by the

head coming first to the ground ; and from the velocity of the fall, the rider has no time for precautions. However, even in this case, he should endeavor to put out one, if not both hands, to break the force of the fall, as well as to act in resistance to his head coming first to the ground, and receiving the whole force of the concussion. By so doing, it is true the collar bone of the sportsman stands a great chance of being fractured ; but that accident is one merely of temporary inconvenience, and unattended with danger ; whereas a dislocated neck is very rarely reduced. But it is a curious fact, that there are fewer instances of broken necks in the field in the present age, than there were half a century back, notwithstanding that, for one man who rode a hunting, then, there are fifty now ; and the pace of hounds, as well as style of riding after them, is much altered as to speed. This has been accounted for in two ways ; first, the modern sportsman sits down on his saddle, whereas the sportsman of olden times stood up in his stirrups, and, when his horse fell with him in his gallop, was nearly certain to fall on his head. Secondly, he did not ride then so well-bred or so well-actioned a horse as we now ride, which would account for his falling oftener in his gallop ; and particularly as the surface of the country in his day was much more uncultivated, and consequently uneven, than it now is. Neither was his hunting cap of much service to him, in accidents of this description. On the contrary, from its having been so low in the crown, as it was then made, coming in immediate contact with the crown of the head, the concussion was greater, if he were thrown on his head, than if it had been cased in a hat, which, from the depth of its crown, would tend to break the fall.

In falls, the horseman should roll away from his horse as quickly as he possibly can, lest in the struggle of the latter to rise, he strike him with his legs or head. It frequently happens that the horse rolls over, after he falls, and, if in the direction in which his rider lies on the ground, is apt to crush and injure him. Indeed, there is scarcely any hard rider after hounds who has not been thus served ; but here again self-possession often stands his friend. When he sees the body of his horse approach him, he frequently saves himself from injury by meeting it, as it were, with one of his feet, and, by obtaining a fulcrum, shoves his own body along the ground, out of his reach. Coolness in this moment of peril, likewise preserves the sportsman in another way. Instead of losing hold of his reins, and abandoning his horse to his own will, as the man who is flurried at this time almost invariably does, he retains them in his hand, if not always, in nine falls out of ten, perhaps, and thus secures possession of his horse.

A great preventive of falls, at stiles especially, the approach to which, on a footpath, is often dangerous, from being slippery, is, having the hinder shoes turned up, as the term is, on the outer side of the heels ; for if a horse slips at a fence of this description, his four legs get into a heap, and his power of springing at it is destroyed from want of the proper fulcrum. The shoes of the fore-feet, however, should not be turned up, or caulked, as the doing so

is not only injurious to the horse, by causing an unequal tread ; but it is quite possible that the hinder shoe may catch in the calking, and be the cause of a fall, in going quickly through ground that is tender, or, as it is called, deep. In case of a bad fall, let me give you one piece of advice. If your head be affected, do not be bled at the time, although it may be considered necessary afterwards ; but as soon as possible procure a large wine-glassful of equal parts of strong vinegar and water, and drink it off at one draught. Its efficacy consists in the revulsive powers of the vinegar acting on the general circulation of the system, and preventing a congestion of blood to any particular part.

I have only a few more words to say on the subject of falls, or rather on that of riding after hounds. Let me advise you never to ride at what are called impracticable places, or *stoppers*—by which is meant any obstacle beyond the power of a horse to overcome by a fair leap. You may get over, or through them, with a fall ; but your horse will surely be the worse for the attempt, and will the sooner sink under you in a good run. Never abandon your horse to himself over any ground, but hold him fast by his head, either up hill or down hill, on level, and, above all, on soft, ground. He stands in need of your support, and he should have it. If you doubt the effect of a tight rein with horses going at speed, ask the first Newmarket jockey you meet, and he will fully satisfy your doubts. Sam Chifney, father of the present Sam, has written some nonsense in his *Genius Genuine*, about riding the racer with a silken rein ; but who can do it ? or where is the race-horse that will let you do it ? Then again, it is absolutely necessary to have a good command over your horse, when hunting, where so many casualties occur. Some dreadful accidents—indeed I once witnessed a case of a fractured leg—have arisen to sportsmen from this cause. It often happens in the desperate attempts hard-riding men, of the present day, make to get the lead, that one man will ride so close to another who is going to leap a fence, that if his horse falls, he is almost sure to be jumped over, or upon, as it is not possible for the rider to pull up short, in that small space. But even should the second man see the first man's horse in the act of leaping the fence, he should allow him some time to get away from it, because in the event of his clearing it, it is still possible he may fall, by his stumbling over something after landing : stepping into a grip or rut, for example, or, alighting in false ground, all of which he is subject to, but more especially toward the end of a severe chase, when, of course, his strength and powers of action are reduced.

Let me advise you therefore to take a line of your own, at the start, rather than to follow any one closely, at this time, and particularly as your horse is then fresh ; and, by not having cause to pull him up, or break his stride more than is necessary, to enable him to collect himself for the leap, you have a better chance to maintain a good start, which is a very great advantage, especially in the first burst, when the speed is almost always the greatest. When once alongside the pack, quit them not, if possible, until they have killed their fox, or lost him : at least, so long as your

horse can live with them without trespassing too much on his powers. If you can get the lead, and keep it for forty minutes, "*best pace over the grass*," as they say at Melton, with rasping fences, and two good brooks in your way, the laurels Cæsar won would be weeds compared with those which would, for that one day, be yours.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1843.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

Continued from the December Number, page 710.

It is rather singular, considering how important and prolific a subject it is, that there are but two published estimates of the expense of keeping hounds—the two as wide as the poles asunder. One is an account of the cost in the time of Edward the First of keeping what we suppose was then the Royal Hunt—a somewhat different establishment to that of the present day—seeing that "twelve fox-dogs" was all they had, whose keep was contracted for by an appropriately-named person, "William de Foxhunte, the King's huntsman of Foxes in divers forests or parks," at the rate of a halfpenny per diem per dog, and they hired a horse for the season only; though from the wording of the item, "to carry the nets," and from a subsequent charge of seven shillings for winter shoes for the huntsman and his two boys, we may infer that the whole ceremony was performed on foot, the horse most likely carrying the nets and the produce thereof. The cost of the whole establishment was twenty-three pounds seven and a penny—rather a different amount to that of Col. Cook, a practical master, who published his statement about twenty years ago. It is singular, we say, considering in how many breasts the secret reposes, that none but the Colonel should have enlightened the public on this point, seeing, even if his calculations were right in his day, that many changes have taken place both in the value of money and many necessary articles since then.

Both Mr. Grantley Berkeley and Mr. Delmè Radcliffe adopt Col. Cook's estimate as a basis; Mr. Smith and Mr. Vyner we think are both silent on the subject. Mr. Berkeley, if we recollect rightly, merely expresses his opinion that Colonel Cook was under the mark; while Mr. Delmè Radcliffe says he has not been able to bring his expenses down to what he gives as his estimate that the thing should be done for. £2000 a year, he thinks, should hunt Hertfordshire handsomely three days a week, or seven days a fortnight; and certainly, considering the description of country, its propinquity to the great mart of everything, we may expect to find things as dear in Hertfordshire as in any county in England;

but we are quite sure in more remote regions it can be done for a very great deal less money. We may instance the Craven country in Mr. Smith's time, which was hunted four days a week for £1400 a year; and Warwickshire in its best day never raised more than £2000 for four and five days a week, and two kennels to hunt from—always a great additional expense. However, there might be dippings into pockets besides.

Subscriptions, however, on paper, and subscriptions in practice—that is to say, realized subscriptions—are very different things, as all Masters who have tried them can vouch for; as also, we make no doubt, for the fact that the noisiest, the most troublesome, and most presuming fellows in the field are generally the worst and most unpunctual payers. Colonel Cook read a very useful lesson to subscribers on this point—the importance of punctuality in payment—and one that cannot be too often repeated, particularly at the present season, opening, as we now are, upon a fresh campaign. Speaking of fox-hunting near London, he says:—“Should you happen to keep hounds at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (Cockneys if you please) *good sportsmen*, well mounted, and riding well to hounds: they never interfere with the management of them when in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. The sum of £50 or £100 is nothing out of an individual's pocket; but to a Manager of a subscription pack, the fact of *twenty subscribers*, each paying his fifty to a day, is a thing of no small consequence, as he is required to pay for almost every article in advance—oil, oats, hay, meal, &c.; and the *interest of the money* amounts to one subscription at least”

Doubtless the Colonel spoke feelingly. Indeed, his work, though infinitely inferior to Beckford's, gives evidence of its being written by an ardent and practical sportsman. Fox-hunting authorship was in its infancy in his day—indeed we believe Beckford was the only writer extant on the subject; and the assertion Col. Cook makes in one part of his volume, “that he had not read Beckford for many years,” is apparent in the different style and structure of his work. We believe we may say that Beckford and Cook teach all that can be taught by books on hunting. Practice—experience—after all is the real thing. Still we like to read the thoughts of practical sportsmen, and time gives importance and authority to what might not be thought much of in its own day. Colonel Cook's estimate was doubtless founded on the presumption that everything connected with the hunting establishment was so much additional expense to the Master's “*home menage*,” if we may use the expression; also that everything was paid for at full market-price—circumstances that do not generally attend the keeping a pack of hounds, most men having a certain something of their own that dove-tails in with the extra establishment, keeping down the expenses of both, while a local and resident sportsman has many *pulls* in his favor, as the gambling-house keepers say. Resident in his country he ought to be, for, as Col. Cook well says, the man who undertakes the management of a pack of fox-hounds

will have very little time for other occupation, provided he pays the attention to it he *ought*, and which the Gentlemen of the country will have a right to expect from him. This of course is speaking of what is called a "hunting country," where the general feeling of the gentry is in favor of hounds, and where they club their money in proportion to their expectation. Colonel Cook hunted what was then called the Thurlow country, part of Essex and Suffolk, as also we believe part of Shropshire.

The following is a piece of excellent advice he gives brother Masters of Hounds. "When you are established in a country," says he, "never interfere with politics; when you turn politician, give up your hounds. If possible, be on terms with all parties, and if they have liberality they will preserve foxes for you; but you must in return do all in your power to oblige *them* consistently with the general good of the Hunt. You should also endeavor to gain the good will of *the farmers*; if any respectable body of persons suffer from hunting, it is them; and I think it not only ungentlemanlike, but impolitic, to treat them in the field or elsewhere otherwise than with kindness and civility. They have a great deal in their power; and if once you gain their respect and esteem, whilst becoming popular amongst them in general, it will save you many a litter of foxes, and you will go on pleasantly without any grumbling."

Advice such as this may appear almost superfluous, especially recommending civility to farmers—Gentlemen being supposed to be civil to every one; still it is well-timed, and, we are sorry to say, not altogether unnecessary. We have seen stiff-backed fools turning up their noses at farmers, as if they were altogether unworthy of notice, forgetful of the fact contained in Colonel Cook's closing sentence. The advice about politics ought never to be forgotten. Politics should be excluded from fox-hunting as they are from agricultural associations.

We wish Mr. Beckford had given some idea of the expense of hunting a country and keeping a pack of fox-hounds in his time. It would be very interesting, and curious to remark the gradual change or increase in expense that has taken place since the close of the last century, when he wrote. To be sure he lived in a cheap country—at least in a country where covert rent, we believe, is little known even at the present day; but his calculations would be just as much of a land-mark with respect to other countries now as they would have been then. Moreover, it is clear that he was a man of liberal gentlemanlike ideas, who knew how things should be done, and who did them as they ought. He lived at Stapleton in Dorsetshire, in what must have been a very good house in those days, and which is seen on the road between Blandford and Shaftsbury. What *was* his country we believe is now cut up, or, Poland like, divided among several packs, of which, however, Mr. Drax of Charborough Park has the largest share. It is classical ground. The country called the Vale of Blackmore, so well known to all readers of *MAGA* as always possessing the most wonderful hares and remarkable harriers, does not seem to

have been included in his range ; at least the general idea one derives from the work is that of a wild open country, with good covert-hunting, and not the pewey, hopping, jumping sort of country we find about the "Caundles," and in the Vale generally. Beckford, in his description of a run, throws off in a wood covert, a far finer idea than the artificiality of a gorse. "How well the hounds spread the covert," says he ; and it is the want of seeing them spread that is one of the great drawbacks in a gorse. We know no finer sight than seeing twenty couple of hounds each drawing on his line up a dene, where the movement of every hound, nose to ground, is seen. Putting them into a gorse is very much like swimming them in the sea ; in one you see their heads, in the other their sterns. "How steadily they draw !" says Beckford. We fancy we see our Master on the opposite side cheering them on. In a gorse, half the hounds may lie down if they like and take a nap till the horn blows. "How steadily they draw !" You hear not a single hound ; yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continued disappointment from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds ?

"See ! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes. preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth."

Beckford apprehends "our friend Somerville," as he calls him, "was no great fox-hunter ;" but we really think those lines would incline up to a contrary opinion. Indeed Dr. Aikin, in his short biographical preface prefixed to Somerville's "Chase," in his "Select Works of the British Poets," says quite the contrary ; and from Somerville having lived in Warwickshire, which in his day must have presented one of the finest arenas for field sports in the kingdom, we think he not only followed the chase, but profited by it—at least profited by it as far as pursuing it as a science went, though, according to the same authority, he "injured his fortune" by his attachment to field-sports. And we are glad that the penning of these rambling discursive papers induced us to turn to a memoir of Somerville, for, with every respect for Beckford's opinion, we confess it always staggered us, how a man, who was not a Sportsman at heart, could write as well and so beautifully on the subject of hunting as Somerville.

For the benefit of similar sceptics, we will here transcribe what Aikin says :—

"William Somerville, an agreeable poet, was born in 1692, at his father's seat at Edston in Warwickshire. He inherited a considerable paternal estate, on which he principally lived, acting as a Magistrate, and pursuing with ardor the amusements of a Sportsman, varied with the studies of a man of letters. His mode of living, which was hospitable and addicted to conviviality, threw him into pecuniary embarrassments, which preyed on his mind,

and plunged him into habits which shortened his life. He died in 1742. As a poet, he is chiefly known by *The Chase*, a piece in blank verse, which maintains a high rank in didactic and descriptive chases. Being composed by one who was perfectly conversant with the sports which are its subject, and entered into with enthusiasm, his pictures greatly surpass the draughts of the same kind which are attempted by poets of profession."

The last sentence is very good, and one that we recommend to some painters as well as poets and prose-writers at the present day.

But to Beckford. Dorsetshire in his day must have been a most uninclosed country, and foxes abundant beyond all desire. Then we had Cranborne Chase, a woodland not to be surpassed for spring and autumn hunting; and he seems to have devoted himself to the thing in a manner quite equal to any after-comer. "Hunting," says he, "is the soul of a country life: it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind; and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends."

Dorsetshire seems to have natural sporting propensities about it. For a bad scenting country, which the greater part of it is, perhaps no country of its size has so many packs of different sorts within its compass. Indeed, while other countries are begging for Masters, Gentlemen in Dorsetshire are contending who shall have the pleasure of keeping packs for the amusement of their neighbors—not who shall have the subscription of their neighbors, but who shall be allowed to spend most of their own means in the public service. As usual in all cases, there are two sides of the question, and we only allude to the circumstance here (though we hope the differences are adjusted) for the purpose of congratulating the county upon the fortunate position it occupies. Nor is the hunting prosperity of the county of Dorset of that flashy evanescent character that damages other countries—now up and now down, now in request, now deserted—but its sporting prosperity has been uniform and continuous, and the career of its principal Master, Mr. Farquharson, popular, steady, and unostentatious. There may be men who give one the idea of greater keenness and greater love of hunting than he does, but for real quiet efficient sporting, management, and liberality of the most unassuming kind, there is no one superior to Mr. Farquharson. There is an apparent system about him, and everything belonging to him, that looks like permanence and popularity. Farquharson is getting high up the tree in the list of the real lasting sort of Masters of Hounds, entering as he does, we believe, this season on his thirty-eighth year, and having worn out a huntsman and whipper-in since he began. There was something very venerable, substantial, and business-like in Mr. Farquharson's turn-out during the administration of Ben Jennings and Solomon, the late huntsman and first whip: they were quite patterns of the old style of respectable family servants, now becoming so rare, owing to the migratory habits railroads and the march of intellect have introduced among the present race.

Ben and Solomon filled their situations nearly thirty years, and retired with the hearty respect and good-will of the country, testified by appropriate gifts of massive silver tankards, and two morocco and mahogany-sprung arm-chairs to sit and drink out of the tankards in.

By the way, the mention of these presents brings to our mind the rather inappropriate ones we sometimes read of servants receiving at the hands of brother Sportsmen. Far be it from us to say a word in disparagement of that most respectable and praiseworthy class of men, kennel-servants: but we cannot help thinking, good, sound, yellow, full-weight sovereigns, a much better and more useful gift than silver-gilt hunting-horns, inkstands, fox-head cups, and other gewgaws we read of their being presented with at public dinners, after their healths have been proposed in neat and appropriate terms, as the newspapers phrase it, and "responded to by the company with the most vociferous and overwhelming applause." All this is burlesque and out of keeping. It does the men little good, and tends to bring marks of respect, suited only to the upper ranks of life, into ridicule if not contempt. Moreover, the process of converting the guineas into gewgaws has a very diminishing influence on the value of the investment. Take a silver-gilt Race Cup for instance—a hundred guineas worth; will any silversmith—will the maker himself, after the lapse of a year, allow one half of the price paid in solid cash? We doubt it; we have heard of a great Cup holder being offered £30 a piece for his valuable acquirements! The same principle applies to minor presents. You cannot convert your Three per Cents into cash without something sticking to the fingers of the banker or broker; and there will be something lost—and a good deal generally—in the transit of the guineas between the pockets of the donors and receivers if they travel round by the jeweller's shop. We would say, encourage meritorious servants by all means, but let your encouragement be such as will be most useful, acceptable, and suitable. Money is the great medium between man and man; it divides and subdivides; but silver tankards and morocco hunting chairs can only be efficiently held by one person; and even to that one they are frequently an incumbrance rather than an accommodation. But though the mention of tankards and easy-chairs has brought the subject to our mind, we beg to add, that these presents were utilitarianism itself compared to many that we have seen made—at least read or heard of being made.

It shows how the thing acts, for the mention of the presents of Plate to the men almost made us forget the splendid Vase presented to Mr. Farquharson, of which the tankards and chairs were the surplus subscription. It was a magnificent present, in every respect worthy the country—the donors and donee. It was first proposed to have a picture of the worthy Master, but they got so much money that it was thought impossible to invest it in oil and canvass; it therefore assumed the more solid form of a Vase.

We have only spoken in detail of Mr. Farquharson's establishment, because his name has been longest associated with the

hunting of the county of Dorset; but Lord Portman is an exemplary man, combining the pleasures of a Sportsman with the higher duties of life; and Mr. Drax's turn-out is inferior to none in the kingdom.

If the expense of hunting a country had increased so much between Beckford's and Colonel Cook's time as to draw from the Colonel the observation, "that a pack of fox-hounds formerly was quite a different thing to what it was in his day, not one-tenth part of the money being expended on the establishment," we wonder what the Colonel would say could he see the increase that has taken place in expense since he wrote—now some twenty years since. Of course we are now speaking generally, and more with reference to the provincial than what were then, as now, the great emporiums of hunting—Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, &c. Almost every country in England, good, bad, and indifferent, have latterly had their fox-hounds, and though many of the establishments were doubtless much better upon paper than in practice, still they looked quite as important as the best, to those who *did not know them*. And this leads us to a rather delicate subject, which we will enter upon by premising, that, though writing in the plural number with the editorial *we*, we are not to be supposed as binding the conductor of this work; what we say, being merely individual opinion drawn from the same source that the reader may draw his own—namely, personal observation and inquiry. We may state, then, that in our opinion one great incentive to increased exertions and consequent expense was the "Tours of Nimrod," just commencing about the time Col. Cook wrote. Nimrod was the Dickens of his day in the Sporting World: he carried all before him; he was the fashion; and it is extraordinary how people "score to cry" when once well laid on to a fashionable scent. We have no disposition to detract from the merits of Nimrod; far from it. He was an able and agreeable writer, and, had his situation been such as to admit of fewer demands on his pen, he would have been a very powerful one, as far at least as hunting is concerned. Moreover, the princely liberality with which the then proprietor of this magazine backed his efforts, gave Nimrod an importance in the Sporting World that tended very materially to enhance the productions of his pen. Added to this, the judicious revision that Nimrod's manuscript underwent at the hands of the late Mr. Pittman made his Tours so palatable and popular, that instead of being regarded with an eye of suspicion or jealousy, all men's doors were thrown open to him, and a welcome awaited him wherever he went. Still the certainty of being "shown up," as it was called, and the laudable anxiety incident to all men of cutting a respectable appearance, especially in the permanent records of print, induced many to "launch out," who perhaps could ill afford it, and so placed a stumbling block to the future prosperity if not the lengthened existence of some Hunts. Nimrod had a very acute eye for trifles, and the observance of little defects in this and that establishment set all masters agog to look after their own; and let men say what they will about

this costing nothing and that costing nothing, and its *only* being this and *only* being that, we maintain there is a very considerable difference in expense between doing things in a rough and ready way, and doing them, in sporting language, *as they ought*.

We remember a good story of Nimrod and a Master of Hounds—a gentleman more famous for his keenness than for his attention to propriety of equipment and appearance. The gentleman in question was about changing countries, and some of the principal Members of the new Hunt went to have a look at their new Master in his old country. Nimrod was to act as master of the ceremonies and introduce the parties. Having arrived at the meet before his friends, Nimrod saw the hounds come up, with a lad, the second whipper-in, riding a mule with a crupper.

"Good God!" exclaimed Nimrod, after salutations were over, "didn't you get my letter, telling you that — and — and — were coming?"

"Yes!" replied the Master, surprised at his eagerness.

"Then how could you let the lad come out on the mule?"

"Why not?" inquired the Master; "he's a good-'un to go!"

"But who the deuce ever saw a whipper-in to fox-hounds on a mule?"

"Shall I send him home, then?" asked the Master, anxious to accommodate.

"Why, no," replied Nimrod; "as he's here he may as well stay, but for God's sake bid him put the crupper in his pocket."

"Well," replied the Master, giving the order—adding with an ominous shake of the head, "the saddle will be over the mule's ears before he's gone a mile without it."

As we observed before, these 'Tours of Inspection set all met to hide their cruppers, if not their mules; and many, who lacked the intrinsic sporting powers of the Master described, endeavored to make up in tinsel and glitter what their establishments wanted in substantial sporting. The same contagion extended to the field; men ripped off their bridle-fronts, steeped their coat-laps in horse-pails to purple them, discarded their country boots and breeches, and the hunting-field became more like a field-day review than the quiet assembly of friends, each anxious to lend a hand in furtherance of the all-important object of killing a fox.

These 'Tours of Inspection were all very well where the means existed. It was well perhaps to have some Hunts brushed up a little by the pen of the reviewer; but the difficulty and consequent injury has been, that many rational and able sportsmen have either been driven beyond their means or out of the field altogether; for the same influence that set them on reforming their establishments increased the personal expenses of the subscribers, and consequently diminished their means of supporting the Hunt. Colonel Cook evidently hunted a country supported by the moneyed interest when he talked of his fifty or a hundred guineas paid to a day, just as some Masters talk of their four or five pounds wrung like the heart's blood from some of their reluctant payers!

Another injury, we think, the 'Tours did to hunting was, magni-

fyng what really were in fact little better than farmers' packs into the importance of Fox-hounds, to the detraction of the expensively-maintained and legitimate establishments. On this point, however, it is but justice to Nimrod to say that he steered a very judicious course in his selection of packs, seldom dwelling on any but the best; but still his "Tours" called inferior pens into action, who, with confined means and limited acquaintance, were very glad to sound the praises of second or third-rate packs, the owners of which would mount and find them "in wear and tear for their teeth" for their trouble. At one time the thing had assumed so perfect a system, that some Masters had their offer of incense as regularly as the month came round; and we read a never-yet contradicted statement in an American paper, "that a certain inveterate currant-jelly glutton in the West actually did the praising department of his pack himself." This gazetteering was not confined to fox-hounds; the second-raters "did" harriers of every shade and grade of pretension with quite as much verbosity and importance as Nimrod used in describing a first-rate run with a first-rate pack of hounds. The death of a fox was heralded forth with all the flourish and pomposity of a victory, while the frolics of poor puss were amplified and magnified into something like perpetual motion.

These chroniclings too had another pernicious effect. There was no legitimate advocacy of separate interests—of fox-hounds hunting foxes and harriers sticking to hare—but there was a ready disposition on the part of the writers to magnify anything into a run, and hound every cur on to poor reynard. If a pack of yammering non-descripts succeeded in killing a three-legged fox, or surprising a four-legged one with his belly full, there was such a hullabaloo raised, such encomiums on the Master, and such plaudits on the pack, that people really wondered how such splendid hounds could so long have kept their candle under the bushel. Thus, while these chroniclings raised packs—or rather collections of dogs—which were all very well while they contented themselves with cutting a figure in the field in the immediate neighborhood of the farm houses or villages where they were kept—into undue importance, they tended to disgust practical sportsmen and the owners of legitimate establishments with the system of publicity altogether. The bare idea of puffing is repugnant to the mind of a gentleman, and to avoid all suspicion of anything of the sort, many were silent who could really have communicated runs worth recording, and written matter worth reading. Of course men's tastes vary in this as in all matters; some are so partial to print, and so insatiate in their appetites for praise, as to be able to swallow any quantity in any form; others are equally fond of it, but with a maiden coyness pretend the reverse, and to be monstrously horrified at the idea of appearing in print. What between the real and the artificial objection, a stranger like Nimrod must have had great difficulty in discriminating "which was which." Still, as we said before, Nimrod's chroniclings were tolerably judicious, and did little harm compared to the performance of the

host of imitators he called into existence, who, in homely language, would "butter" anybody. He might push a few purse-sick Masters beyond the line of prudence for the sake of "keeping up appearances;" but possibly it would only be hastening an event that would have taken place under any circumstances. In a general way, his subjects were selected from a class who would take no harm by a little extra expense, while his opinions, formed by comparing one establishment with another, were frequently useful to Masters of Hounds: and altogether Nimrod's style and manner of writing gave a fillip to fox-hunting, and obtained it great popularity.

It was raking up pens that raked up the dregs of hunting that may be considered the chief drawbacks upon Nimrod's Tours. They had their day; and though from the ruinously expensive manner in which they were made, they could not possibly "pay," still we think they are productions that time will enhance the value of, and invest with an interest far beyond their own day; they are *sui generis*. Two great obstacles present themselves against any second attempt of the sort being made—at least on such a scale:—first, the difficulty of getting a person qualified for the office; and secondly, the enormous expense attending the speculation. The first, however, we look upon as the great difficulty. Many men may think they would like to go about a country, seeing different establishments, horses and servants found them, and all expenses paid, just as many think they would like to go into the army to wear moustache and glittering coats; but let them look behind the curtain, and reflect on the cold shoulderings they must calculate upon, about as disagreeable as early drills or confinements on guard when soldiers want to be absent. Plenty of people would like the halfpence, but, query, "would they like the kicks?" The writing part we do not look upon as so difficult of fulfilment as getting a man with the manner and tact required for "a critic, hated yet caressed," to get into society, and keep there. Moreover, this difficulty would attend a new man at the onset; he would be looked upon as an imitator, a character that carries with it no recommendation—"Nimrod the Second" would not do.

At the same time we think Hunting Tours are capable of being made very amusing; but then they should be "Hunting Tours" made for the purpose of seeing hounds and countries, and not in the character of a *conjurer*; we then get the grain without the chaff. As to freighting a man, fitting him out like a Privateer, it is a speculation fit only for a "Joint Stock Company;" it could never pay. Let any man take his own experience for a basis, calculate his expense in horses, grooms, taxes, &c.; and, taking the chance of sport into calculation, let him ask himself, if he were to note down whatever he thought worthy of record, what he imagines the product of his pen would amount to at the end of a season. Would each day furnish twenty lines? Ten? We hardly think that. Let him then calculate the grievous additional expense attendant on shifting quarters and moving about, to say nothing of living at Inns, and tell us if any one short of a man with the pen

of the Bard of *Don Juan* could so deck the transaction in words as to make it pay the necessary ordinary expenses of three horses and a groom. The writer leaves it to the Editor to say how many horses Nimrod travelled with——*if he likes!*

So much for the Chronicles of the Chase, and the influence they have had on expense and luxury.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November, 1843.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 722.

THERE is not a more anxious period, exclusive of that when a horse is running, both to the owner and the trainer of a race horse, than when he is going over his last sweats, especially if his legs be rather doubtful. This anxiety is increased if the boy does not ride him exactly to order, or the animal does not realize the too-sanguine expectations of the party by the manner of his going. The following sketch is somewhat of a description of that which transpires on these occasions, and is an outline of what I am convinced many persons have experienced when placed in like situations:—

In spite of positive directions that the first mile shall be done at a very slow pace, the boy is misled by his horse's freedom, produced by the improvement in his condition, and does not distinguish the difference between slow progression and the animal's desire to go faster; so that before he has completed the first mile, he has attained the speed which ought to be preserved for the third. This naturally produces the signal to reduce the pace, in doing which the horse's stride is broken, and he shifts his leg. Being closely observed by the scrutinizing eyes of the owner, his confidential friend, and the trainer, whilst the real cause is overlooked in consequence of the intense anxiety which prevails, the expression is simultaneous—"I fear he does not go so well as usual; he shifts his leg." Having performed another mile, the boy becomes again deceived; the horse, being of a fine temper, is reconciled to the pace, and ceases to pull, more especially if the rider has handled him very nicely in order to slacken his pace, without ruffling his temper or causing him to hit his legs. Thus, instead of the pace being faster at the *end* of the second mile, it is slower than it was at the *commencement*. A wave of the hand to "come on" indicates to the boy that he must "mend the speed," when, somewhat hastily rousing his horse, he changes his leg again. The succeeding mile being accomplished, both horse and

rider begin somewhat to flag; the knees of the latter are seen moving freely on the saddle, and his seat becomes unsteady;—all of which are certain signs of weakness. When the provoking fault of loosing the horse's head at length calls forth the excited temper of the trainer, whose equanimity on such occasions is never at its utmost sweetness, he impatiently rides to meet the boy at the nearest point, where, on being within hearing, he exclaims, in a tone somewhat ferocious, "Sit steady, boy; don't tire; take hold of your horse's head, and ride him; draw him together, and let him stride away to the end, but hold his head fast." Such commands somewhat alarm the boy, who, hastening to put them in execution, again causes his horse to change his leg; an event rendered very probable by the state of the animal at this particular crisis, and in fact what will almost invariably take place without any inducement beyond the temporary weakness which is manifest. The party are now all worked up into a state of alarm, fearful that on pulling up, the favorite may fall lame or hit his legs; the latter a circumstance which may reasonably be expected if boots or bandages are neglected to be used for their protection. All eyes are therefore fixed upon him, as in pulling up he drops out of the gallop into the accustomed trot, and are rejoiced when they perceive him move at the latter pace, although languidly, apparently sound.

If there be a rubbing-house or stable contiguous to the exercise-ground, the horse will be taken there; or in case the home stables are at an easy distance, that place will be selected to perform the operation of scraping. In the absence of these, a sheltered situation in the open air must be chosen: highly excited as the blood is at such a time, it seems scarcely requisite to hint at the necessity of seeking a place screened from a powerful current of air, especially if the wind proceeds from the north or from the east. Beyond this, and if there is no probability of rain, in moderately warm weather, the open air may on many accounts be the most preferable, with care being taken that this duty be performed as quickly as possible, and the dry clothing put on before there is any cause to apprehend ill effect from cold.

The horse having arrived at the place where it is intended that he should be scraped, the girths of the saddle are to be slackened, and all the additional clothing which may be at hand thrown over him, under which he is to be permitted to stand a few minutes to excite the flow of perspiration; during which period his mouth should be washed with water from the bottle, and his lips and nostrils cleansed and refreshed with the sponge. When offering the bottle, it is to be taken in the left hand, the person standing on the near side and holding the one rein only with the right; by inserting the neck of the bottle in the lips between the front teeth and the grinders, it is preserved from the risk of being broken. The required time having elapsed for the perspiration to run, the clothing on the quarters is to be thrown up, and that part of the animal scraped, when the hoods must be taken off and the near side of the neck scraped; that operation completed one of the attendants

commence rubbing the part with dry hay-bands, finishing with a rubber. The person who uses the scraper then proceeds with the off side first, striking the moisture out of the mane by holding it up in locks in one hand, and hitting it with the instrument which is held in the other; the off side of the neck, having been scraped, is to be proceeded with as before directed. During this process the person who holds the horse's head rubs it with a dry rubber, having pushed the front of the bridle back over the ears to enable him to get at the part which is under it; the head and neck being dried, the bridle is to be adjusted, the mane combed out, and a dry hood put on; the saddle is then to be removed, and the clothing stripped off the body, which is to be scraped and rubbed dry with hay-bands and rubbers. In performing this operation the wisp or rubbers should be worked the way the coat lies and cross-ways, but never backwards and forwards—a method which boys are sometimes apt to acquire, but nevertheless a bad one, as it causes the horse to look rough, or as if he had been drawn through a hedge backwards. Many persons are very scrupulous in having their horses made quite dry before the clothing is put on, but there are circumstances which do not render that nicety advisable. In the early part of the year, or indeed whenever the coat is rather long, the surface of the skin will be perfectly cool before the surface of the hair becomes quite dry: and the consequence is, that if the horse is exposed too long he will become chilled, and perhaps take cold: indeed, I am perfectly convinced that many horses do take cold and are afflicted with cough from this very circumstance. The moment, therefore, that the horse's body is found to be cool is the time for him to be re-clothed. It is to be observed that the process of cooling is effected by evaporation, which takes place very rapidly on these occasions. If, therefore, coolness is produced below the degree of heat which the system recognises, the circulation of the blood is checked in its passage to the extremities, especially that which passes to the skin, and the most dangerous consequences may be expected to ensue. All the dry clothing being adjusted, and the saddle put on, the horse is to be led about for the space of five minutes, when he must be mounted, and take a steady gallop at about half-speed from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, or, if thought requisite, a mile and quarter; when, after walking half an hour, he will be ready to go into his stable. If the weather be windy and cold, it will be desirable to throw an extra rug over him during the time that he is walking home, so that the circulation may be kept up; and although the horse should be cool when he arrives at his stable, he should have a glow on the surface of his coat.

The sweaters which have been used are to be rolled together and carried home by one of the attendants, and arrangements made previously to going out to have half a pailful of gruel in readiness for each horse on his return. I am an advocate for that which is made with wheat-flour, and always have it prepared in the following manner:—Half a pint or rather more of fine fresh flour, to be mixed with cold water, care being taken that it is quite

smooth and free from lumps ; about two quarts of water is put into a saucepan and made to boil, when the flour is poured in and thoroughly stirred during the process of boiling, which continues a quarter of an hour ; it is then poured into the bucket, and some cold water added. It must, however, be allowed to stand a sufficient time to become of the required temperature before being offered to the horse. Many persons use oatmeal thus prepared, but wheat-flour is decidedly more nutritious and balsamic—properties which are exceedingly necessary on all occasions when a horse has fasted for some time and undergone considerable labor.

When the horse is in the stable the hood and bridle are to be taken off, and the former thrown over his quarters ; the girths must then be slackened, and he must be allowed to stand a minute or two to ease himself. The gruel is then to be presented to him. A nice sweet lock of hay, well shaken and pulled to free it from every particle of dust which might possibly intrude, is then thrown before him. Many persons moisten the hay with water ; to that process, however, I object, and will explain my reasons. The animal is naturally thirsty, and seizing the wet hay gives it a twist or two with his teeth and bolts it. Thus it passes into his stomach in the form of a little wisp, but if given dry he is compelled to masticate it, which excites the natural flow of salivary juice from the glands destined to secrete that fluid, which not only assists the power of deglutition, and by compelling the animal to masticate the food prepares it for digestion, but it more effectually relieves the mouth from being parched and dry than any other fluid. Whilst the horse is picking this little bit of hay, his head and neck are dressed agreeably to the instructions given on that subject, after which his legs are to be well fomented, thoroughly washed with warm water, and bandaged ; not forgetting that the bandages are to be taken off after the horse is dressed, his legs well hand-rubbed, and dry bandages replaced. His legs being washed and bandaged, he will then be ready for his water, to which some linseed gruel should be added, the bland and softening properties of which are found so conducive to the healthy condition of the urinary secretions, that no valuable horse when at hard work should be without it. It softens the water and equalizes its quality ; so much so, that when horses are travelling, if linseed be prepared and given to them on such occasions, they will experience very little, if any, effects from the change which they must inevitably undergo from drinking waters possessing different properties. During the time the legs are being washed a handful of bran-mash should be given, and after he is dressed the remainder of that which has been prepared. His bed should be set fair, and if he have eaten his mash a small feed of corn offered to him. Should he refuse his mash, let that which remains be taken away, and the manger thoroughly cleansed, otherwise that which adheres to it will very quickly become sour. If he does not appear disposed to feed, it will be useless, and indeed improper, at this crisis to give him any corn ; but, as many horses will eat corn when they

will not touch a mash, the experiment may be tried, always observing one maxim—that if he will not eat it, it should be taken from him. The corn being disposed of, a small allowance of hay is to be given, when he is to be shut up till five or half-past five o'clock in the evening.

It is not usual to strip a horse for the purpose of dressing him on the evening after he has been sweating; nevertheless, his quarters and hocks can be done by simply turning up his clothing; his legs must also be attended to, and the operations will now fall into the regular routine of the stable. Great attention must, however, be paid to the due temperature of the stable, and of all things to have it thoroughly ventilated. That currents of air are objectionable at all times, but more especially dangerous on these occasions, no person can contend against, but yet there requires a free escape for the foul air generated by the animal. After the circulation has been so highly excited and exhausted, the consumption of hydrogen is greater than on ordinary occasions; therefore it is the more necessary to ensure a sufficient supply, otherwise the horse is sure to break out after he is shut up; a consequence of not being supplied with sufficient quantities of pure air to refresh the blood on its passage to the lungs, which is returned into the circulation in an impure state, whence its impurity forces an escape through the pores of the skin, and produces the cold perspiration so commonly observed with horses after work.

The average lapse of time for horses of good constitution to be sweated is about six or seven days; the discretion of the trainer, however, must regulate this subject. If positive rules could be established, simplifying the art of training like a rule-of-three sum or any other operation in arithmetic, trainers would be as plentiful as blackberries; indeed, skill, observation, and experience would be at a discount, and nothing required beyond regularity and order—two virtues, however, which must ever be attendant upon the former attributes. Reason, discretion, and moderation are precepts which a man desirous of bringing a horse to the post in his best form, must invariably adopt as his motto. With all these qualities a man will sometimes err, and many instances may be recorded of horses having run very moderately, although trained with the utmost care and experience, which passing under the management of another possessing less judgment and practical knowledge, have vastly improved. This may readily be accounted for by the latter person accidentally hitting upon a system of treatment suitable to the peculiar temper and constitution of the animal.

Light, flashy-tempered horses require great caution as to the frequency of their sweats, the distance and pace which they can bear, and the manner in which they are ridden. One of the greatest errors that can be fallen into is that of galloping them, or indeed any others, to a stand-still.

London Sporting Review for November, 1843.

REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON, 1843.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

THE curtain of the Racing Season of the year 1843 has fallen, leaving many painful reminiscences behind. The powerful influence of my Lord George Bentinck has been the means of bringing to "book" many important alterations, which, I have no doubt, will put the Turf into a more healthy condition than the almost neglected "physical force," with which men of business in racing matters have been in the habit of consulting. I am not one of those who are disposed for a radical cure in all cases; but it strikes me that my Lord George Bentinck really has the benefit of our fine national sport "nearest his heart." No one can deny the policy of excluding notorious defaulters from the betting-ring, for in truth they have poisoned the constitution of noblemen and gentlemen to a degree unbearable to any but those who cannot exist without their favorite pastime. I have no hesitation in stating that the new regulations adopted at Liverpool, Goodwood, and Warwick, during the season, must be acted upon at all the principal meetings of the coming year—Newmarket not excepted. The truth is, the racing public begin to think for themselves.

I never remember a more delightful or productive season as to sport than the one just passed; the weather, with scarcely an exception, was most gladsome; the betting more confined to those who had the wherewithal to meet their engagements, and the cream of the racing excellent. The new, and, to me, absurd practice of steeple-chasing has considerably shortened our Hunt Meetings, broken in upon, as they were before, by thorough-breds running for races advertised for cock-tails only. I cannot say that I regret the falling off in this particular branch of the Racing Calendar, for I have a notion that many noblemen and gentlemen withdrew their subscriptions long since, and left the crying evil to work its own cure, which soon resolved itself into a certainty. I must take an exception as regards the Hunt Meetings, and it certainly is an exception—I mean the meeting in the Duke of Rutland's Park at Croxton, where everything appertaining to the comforts and delights of amateur racing, with real gentlemen riders, is put in practice, and well carried out. I very much regret that the Noble Duke's colors are not more frequently found flying foremost for some of our rich Newmarket Stakes. Since Rat-trap's splendid performances in 1837, the noble Duke and his confederate have been running sadly on the wrong side of the winning-post. I have passed over the Warwick Spring and Pytchley Hunt Meetings, because I have nothing to say in their praise; at the same time it is only justice to state that I have nothing to censure—they were, in fact, as well attended as in by-gone years, and about as interesting to the Turf frequenter. The Spring Meeting at Epsom, backed

as it was by that "fine old English Gentleman," and true supporter of the integrity of Turf affairs, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, was all but a failure. The greatest regret to me was the defeat of the popular Baronet's Sirikol, whose superiority over the field has since been fully proved. Somehow or another, Sir Gilbert's horses always bolt in the Spring Epsom Meetings! Mr. Goodman's Maccabeus, the favorite, and thought highly of for the Derby, ran a moderate second, and subsequently died, much to his owner's loss. I have reason to know that Mr. Goodman's opinion is, that the horse was wrongly used. There was a good deal of talk respecting the age of the said Maccabeus, but some people are lucky in having their three-year-olds looking as furnished as many of their friends' four-year-olds!

The Newmarket Craven Meeting passed over quite as well as could be expected. Cotherstone came out immensely improved, and won the Riddlesworth and Column Stakes quite in a canter, beating in the one, Dawson's "pot," Pompey, and in the other, Cooper's General Murat. I thought at the time that Murat was not so well as he might have been, and his Ascot running subsequently made my opinion a good one. I do not know how it is, but Colonel Peel is very unfortunate with his three-year-olds. The gallant Colonel's Ionian "cut into ribands" Lord Glasgow's Amulet colt—both two years old—over the T. Y. C. It may be said that Lord Glasgow shows perseverance in "match-making" worthy a "better cause." Ionian is in the Derby, and, with "all his faults I like him still." Gaper's running at this meeting brought all sorts of *fancies* into the Derby market, yet, after all, the bettors against the Goodwood pet shook in their shoes just as they were about to win their money. John Day burnt his fingers to the bone, and was only relieved by a "Cotherstone plaster." One of these unpleasant events happened in the week. Cataract, about whose qualifications every body in the world knew, save and except Lord Fitzroy and Stephenson, the trainer, was beaten by a regular "leather plater," not good enough for the "stubble cutting" country of Kent. A vast deal of money was made out of this horse by the book-makers, who are always content to take things by the smooth handle. St. Valentine, another plum in the pudding of the "Cookery book," fell lame, and thereby required no hedging to; and several others, pointed out as Derby winners, fell from their high and palmy state into one of degradation. But these things happen yearly, and the backers of horses get none the wiser!

The Chester Meeting promised well, but turned out badly. General Pollock won his two races cleverly, and became a good outsider for the Derby; but there were enough knowing ones left to *know* that his high action and slow "conveyance" would never answer in a speculation on the Epsom Downs, and betted accordingly "without fear of contradiction." The Tradesmen's Cup was one of those mismanaged affairs which will inevitably put all handicapping at defiance. A more miserable start I never witnessed. The *pranks* (I like to use gentle words) about Alice

Hawthorn, The Corsair, Re-action, *cum multis aliis*, will be sufficiently remembered to caution people for the future about betting on this once interesting race. That Millepede would have won under almost any circumstances as regards "starting," I do firmly believe, for he crept into the race at 7st. 3lb., and was an early five-year-old! If people will wait for races of this description, I can only say that no nobleman or gentleman, not excepting Lord George Bentinck nor the Hon. Captain Rous, can bring horses closely together. One of the fastest two-year-olds of the year, in the shape of Lord Westminster's Fanny Eden, came out with great *eclat* at this meeting. The field had individually been tried "good;" yet the Yellow Jacket came in handsomely, scattering Fair Charlotte, Missy, Milton, and several others, whose names I omit for charity's sake. Prizefighter here made his *debut*, and won the five sovs. each Sweepstakes, in two heats of two miles, very easily indeed, but was not named in the odds for either Derby or Leger at the time, although he made a "pretty considerable" noise in the ring at Warwick and Doncaster; but more of that anon. The general racing at "Rhoodee" was much inferior to that of late years, yet the company was good.

The Newmarket First Spring Meetings lately have been the best of their respective years. This season was gay enough, but the interest of the great race for the Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes was shorn of its usual popularity by Cotherstone's previous splendid performances. It is true that some bubbling sounds were heard about the superiority of Cornopean over the Goodwood "tackle," but those who depend on "reports," generally get heavily shod in the end; and so it turned out in this case, for Cornopean and Cotherstone are not within a score pounds of each other—nevertheless, reports feed the professionals, and the public "pay the piper." The Caster "threw in," in his match against Queen of the Gipsies, who seemed to have lost the smartness of her two-year-old performances. One of those chapter of accidents, which induces racing men to keep their horses (however bad they may be) in training, took place at this meeting. Of course I allude to the race for the 300 sovs. each Sweepstakes for four-year-olds, won by that rank impostor Reversion, beating a cripple from the Goodwood nursery, called Tedworth, thereby placing in Lord Exeter's pocket 800 sovs. I apprehend the winner might have been purchased for "fifty." 'Tis these things that astound the foreigner. The One Thousand Guineas' Stakes went into the coffers of that capital sportsman, Mr. Thornhill, who won it with his favorite blood—a mixture of the celebrated Emilius and the no less deserving Maria. That the winner (Extempore) is a gem of the first water, I am by no means disposed to admit, but I *do* like the pedigree, and have a "pocketful" of reasons for respecting it. The Newmarket Stakes were won in the easiest style imaginable, by Lord Stradbroke's Evenus. The other races do not call for particular notice, yet they produced much speculation.

There was some good performances at Eglinton Park, and Captain Williams won seven races in truly gallant style. A very

promising youngster came out for favor, in the form of Lord Eglington's *The Leech*—he won cleverly.

Skiping over the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, and leaving its brother at York to be *noticed* by those who were interested therein, I come to Gorhambury, where we did get some running of more than momentary interest. The Gorhambury Stakes (handicap) were carried off in a triumphant manner by Col. Peel's old horse, *I-am-not-aware*, beating a large field of all denominations. His weight was 7st. 8lb., aged. Of course he was the favorite. *Evenus* gave us another taste of his prowess; and, although beaten in one instance, after a false run race, plainly told his friends that he would prove worthy of his corn. Alderman Copeland's *Assay* came out in good form, and cut down a very large field of respectable two-year-olds; her running afterwards told us she is not to be trusted. *Greatheart* disappointed his Derby backers by running a moderate second to the wretch *Hyrcanian*; in this race *Evenus's* chance was given away by wrong orders. The running for the minor sweepstakes and plates amused a very respectable company, and my Lord *Verulam's* health was drunk, "loud and deep," on all parts of his noble domain.

I must just notice the Bath and Bristol Meeting to point out the folly of that Committee running their heads against the old-fashioned Chester managers. Why, Mr. Margaram, who really does know more about racing than nineteen-twentieths of the clerks of the course generally, should have overlooked such a "clashing together," is to me mysterious. Isaac Day and others had "horses on" at both meetings, of course they must sacrifice one, unless, as the Irishman said, they "were birds, and could be in two places at once."

I must get to Epsom, where the pomps and vanities of the racing world may be seen to the greatest advantage. I remember in 1836 (*Bay Middleton's* year) the astonishment manifested by a foreigner at the "moving panorama" seen from the top of the rightly named Grand Stand; and think that, to one unaccustomed to such sights, the sensation must be astounding. But to see the races on the Derby day to perfection, that little companion "the book" should be well edited. There was the usual bustle in the town, always felt before a grand event comes off, but I do not believe that there were anything like the sums depending on the Derby, as have been ventured yearly these dozen seasons. It is true that Lord George Bentinck stood to win £100,000 on *Gaper*, and that others were made responsible for amounts nearly as large. Amongst the number may be noticed *Aristides*, A British Yeoman, and *Gorhambury*. If the latter animal had poked his nose first past Judge Clark, it would have restored to health one whose absence from the Corner was occasioned by the *Attila* Derby, and whose musical note, although not by that "untoward event" completely broken, is still content to warble in secret to small parties. All racing men are of one opinion as to the manner in which the race was won, therefore I need only state that it was one of the quickest things ever known over this far-famed course, and won

by the most deserving three-year-old of the year. Some of the losers on Gaper were dissatisfied with the orders given to Sam Rogers, but they have now the consolation of knowing that this son of Bay Middleton never subsequently ran so well; in fact, at the road after passing the trying corner, "Gaper wins! Gaper wins! Gaper wins!!" was the general exclamation. It is really absurd for a little handful of small bettors to imagine that they knew the merits of Gaper better than his noble owner. But there is, and always will be, the "disappointed ones" who must vent their frothy spleen against some one or other. Mr. Bowes won about £12,000, and Lord George Bentinck £7000. Lord Chesterfield, Colonel Anson, Mr. Gully, and Mr. Greatrex, were on the right side, and as I have before observed, "honest John," far from being hit, pocketed a brace of thousands.

The Oaks was remarkable, because it was won by an outsider belonging to a clever division, who stands noted for great judgment—the party did not back the filly for a sous! The Oaks is always a very uncertain race. The "fill up" was just tolerable, and that is the best word at my pen's end to describe the little sweeps and plate races. Surely a good handicap might be brought to bear on one of the vacant days.

Of the Manchester gathering I can only say that there was plenty of company and few horses. That good mare, Alice Hawthorn, won the Winton Stakes and Her Majesty's Guineas in excellent style. A very fine two-year-old, named The Best of the Three, won his engagement in a form that made his owner quite delighted. This meeting following immediately on the Epsom one, is always crippled by the absence of the betting men, who have not had time to shake their feathers from the disorder generally occasioned by an Epsom settling.

The Ascot Heath Races were certainly by no means so good as the meetings of the last eight or ten years. One immense drawback was the absence of Her Most Gracious Majesty and Prince Albert; for thousands go annually to obtain a sight of England's Queen and her splendid court. The Trial Race proved that there was no mistake in the Oaks' running, for Poison won uncommonly easy. The Ascot Derby brought five very indifferent three-year-olds to the post; and the only satisfaction I felt, was in seeing Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Amorino win by a head. The Vase was carried off by Gorhambury, after one of the finest races ever beheld. Sirikol was second, receiving eight pounds from the winner. Murat came out greatly improved over his Newmarket running, and won his two valuable engagements remarkably easy, beating horses of character in the betting ring. Gaper ran most unkindly, and informed his admirers that he had a will of his own. Two capital two-year-old performers came out at this meeting; namely, Rattan and Mr. Wreford's Monimia filly; they won very pleasantly indeed. The Royal Hunt Cup was carried away, amid much cheering, by Lord Chesterfield, who won it with his uncertain runner, Knight of the Whistle, beating a large field of twenty-three others. Her Majesty's Plate went to the use of Lord Lowther, who, I am de-

lighted to say, has formed a string of horses under the management of his old and respected servant, Joe Rogers of Newmarket. Ralph won the Cup in a canter, as every one expected he would ; for St. Francis was lame, and Robert de Gorham and Vulcan in anything but good plight. The death of Ralph was a great loss to my Lord Albemarle. The running for the plates, &c., may be called "passable."

I do not intend to "cut in" on the "cockney Hampton," or the "tame Lancaster" Meetings, inasmuch as they came and went, without leaving a spark of interest behind ; therefore, I find myself at Newton,—where the racing man always finds himself quite at home. Taking the three days' sport in a lump, I must observe that there ought to be no grumbling ; still, my memory is good enough to carry me back to other Meetings on this nice course, where sport was more abundant. The Earl of Richmond, a slovenly goer, and once a prime article in the Derby market, won the Lyme Park Stakes against two wretches, in a scrambling manner, and was talked about for the St. Leger ! Aristotle, at a fair weight, won the Cup, beating Millepede, at, I may say, equal terms. The Golborne Stakes were won by a bad two-year-old of Mr. Mostyn's, called Milton, beating a much better youngster, The Best of Three, and five or six others. Milton is in the St. Leger. The Borough Cup was also won by Aristotle ; who certainly ran his races most respectably, with every appearance of being still "good property."

The Newcastle week for years has been one of great importance to the turf frequenter, and I may safely write that the last Meeting was one suitable to good old times. Gorhambury, sent from Epsom to get the five pounds allowance (much good *did it do* him !) bowled over A British Yeoman and another for the Cricket Club Stakes ; the Tyro Stakes sent Lorimer (from Scott's stable) in a gallant victor, over a rather formidable company of five others. Lorimer is the property of the Marquis of Normanby, and is in the Derby and St. Leger. The North Derby was gained by Trueboy ; who, after all good and evil reports, turned out a much better horse than was expected. Alice Hawthorn, quite in a canter, passed Judge Orton first, for the Queen's guineas ; and the Northumberland Plate fell to the share of Mr. Ramsay, through the instrumentality of Moss Trooper, who at 7st. 6lb. won easily. Parthian won the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes *cleverishly* from Mr. Bell's two ; and the Cup went to the sideboard of Mr. Cuthbert, whose smart-running mare, Queen of the Tyne, beat a good lot—amongst the number, Charles the Twelfth. The other races, although good, do not require dwelling upon.

The Bibury Club and Stockbridge Races produced an average of sport. The former, being a private concern, I pass over, by merely observing that the squabbling amongst the members has ceased. At Stockbridge, the knowing ones were somewhat taken in by the unexpected result of the Great Produce Stakes, worth £900. Those who judge from public running, could hardly expect to find Sadler's Decisive an easy winner from such horses as Gaper, New Brighton, and Bramble ; yet she obtained an easy

conquest. I shall not allude to the other races, for they were only of momentary interest.

The July Newmarket Meeting was remarkable for the two great races being decided in favor of Colonel Peel. The Gallant Colonel's Orlando won the "July" quite in a canter, and Ionian did precisely the same thing with regard to the "Chesterfield." Both the winners are in the Derby, for which race the Colonel's chance seems very good. The remainder of the running was poverty-stricken, and the company by no means numerous. Next year great improvements are anticipated, which, I trust, will be borne out.

Every thing went off most bloomingly at the Liverpool July Meeting. The new rules and regulations produced the desired effect. The stewards being Lords George Bentinck, and Stanley, and the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn; it would be superfluous to speak of the excellence of the arrangements. The rich 500 sovs. each sweepstakes, went into the coffers of Lord Stanley, entirely through Aristides' turning cur at the finish; he had the race in hand all the way, and had he been in the humor, might have gone in by himself. It is strange that most of the Bay Middletons show temper. The Marquis of Westminster's Fanny Eden won the Mersey Stakes without being called upon, beating a very highly tried youngster from Robert Heseltine's establishment, called The Cure, and seven or eight others. Her defeat at Doncaster (she was dead amiss) does not at all shake my opinion about this nice filly for the coming Oaks. The Cure is in the St. Leger, and although a small one, ought not to be despised—mark that! To show that Gaper had not altogether gone off his running, he beat into fits Arundo, and another colt, for the tempting Bickerstaffe Stakes. Here the fielders put on the pot at 5 to 4 against him, and it boiled over. The grand event of the Meeting was doomed to follow the Newcastle one, for Aristotle won the Tradesmen's Plate very nicely by a length. It may be said that the "Philosopher" got well into the Handicap, yet there were scores in better, according to public opinion, at the time the weights were advertised. Napier told us, in spite of his queer *understanding*, that he inherited some of his family speed—he won the St. Leger ridiculously easy, and became a leading favorite for the Doncaster race; nevertheless, a few of the *select* never hesitated firing a shot at him, when an opportunity afforded them a mark.

What shall I say about the splendor of the princely Goodwood Meeting? Alas! I am unable to do even moderate justice to the beauties and delights which were most rapturously enjoyed by the thousands of happy faces that congregated in the noble Duke of Richmond's park at the Goodwood Meeting of 1843! The race for the Levant told us that John Day was strong in two year olds; yet the Wadastra colt since has been beaten shamefully. The Drawing Room Stakes ended in a "dead heat" between Maria and Parthian. The field was bad with perhaps one exception, and that exception, Greatheart, who broke down in running. It was a stable race for the great 300 sovs. each, for Envoy

never was right all the season. No one was hardy enough to expect to see Cotherstone beaten for the Gratwicke, and, consequently, none but a scanty few of the fieldsmen were disappointed. The Ham Stakes laid between Orlando and the Monimia filly, and ended just the reverse of Ascot, inasmuch as Orlando won cleverly. John Day's The Ugly Buck ran off with the Molecomb Stakes, and became first favorite for the Derby, for which race he had been before backed to win a very large sum. The Goodwood Stakes were won by a filly, made as perfect in condition as ever was seen. I always entertained a good respect for Lucy Banks, since she defeated Satirist so cleverly for the Craven at Epsom. The Racing Stakes brought about another dead heat, but Napier won the second run in famous order. The Goodwood Gold Cup contest was one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed. Old Hyllus won in the end by scarcely a head; Sirikol second. I should have been better pleased to have hailed Sir Gilbert Heathcote the winner of this valuable prize. Charles the Twelfth was indisposed, and Robert de Gorham was by no means up to the mark. There was some little rejoicing at the defeat of the favorite Gorhambury, about which animal much ridiculous mystery was observed. Lord Milltown's improving horse, Scalteen, won the Chesterfield Cup; and Mr. Payne's Mania did just the same in the race for the Nassau Stakes, and became entitled to an outside place in the betting for the St. Leger.

Brighton races were badly attended, and the weather during the three days wretched. Mr. Forth was again in high force, and carried off the principal race. The Two-year-old event was gained by Lord Chesterfield's Dog Billy, after a slashing race with Jill and a Mitchel Grove filly of Mr. Gratwicke's. The good people of Brighton do not patronize our goodly pastime; the reason why is out of the range of my ability to fathom.

The York August, and Warwick September Meetings afforded some highly important running. At the former place Prizefighter beat Nutwith by a head, for the Great Yorkshire Stakes; and at Warwick, Mr. Forth was again in the ascendant, being the winner of the Leamington Stakes with his pretty Venus. The other racing, at either place, was good enough to amuse the spectators. At both meetings the St. Leger betting was interesting and heavy.

We were led to expect great things at the Doncaster entertainment, and I believe almost every one left the neat little town disappointed. The Cure took his revenge on Fanny Eden, who was as "dead as a stone," in the race for the Champagne, but ran an indifferent third to The Princess for the Old Two Year Old Stakes on the Thursday, the said Princess being nowhere in the Champagne—such is the uncertainty of two year old running.

No one will dispute that the St. Leger was lost by mismanagement. The fact is well known, that Mr. Gully and others immediately connected with Scott's arrangements, stood to win a startling sum on Prizefighter, thinking him good enough to win. If this horse had been out of the race, there is no doubt that a new edition of the work published in 1800, would have met the eye of

the sporting gentlemen: there is this consolation, however, that the stakes were *won* (I can scarcely write the word) by a gentleman almost unknown to the turf frequenters, so that it may be the means of adding another northern influential to the list of subscribers to our principal stakes. The Cup was carried off in an Eclipse-like style by Alice Hawthorn, who bids fair to become a second Bee's-wing. I am pleased to say that Lord Glasgow was a large winner during the week, and trust that the ice of his lordship's wretched luck is now broken.

The October meetings were well attended, and the sports of a first-rate quality. There was nothing of consequence in the former meeting to call for notice. In the second, Zenobia ran quite away from a respectable string in the Clearwell, and, as if to give the lie, was beaten, for the Prendergast, by Antler, who was nowhere in the Clearwell. It is these sort of things that benefit the *legs*. The race for the Cesarewitch was a good one, and the general bill of the week good. I must just mention the P. P. £1000 match between Captain Cook and Chotornian, merely to observe that one was a rank roarer, and the other a confirmed cripple.

The Houghton week was a good one in every respect, and Rattan's race told us that he is the best public runner of the day. The Cambridgeshire Stakes was indeed a treat, eight or nine being together at the finish. Of the principal two year olds of the season, I may name Rattan, The Ugly Buck, Ionian, Orlando, Antler, Zenobia, The Cure, Barricade, The Princess, Beaumont, Loadstone (in Ireland), and Fanny Eden.

And now adieu to the past racing season, with hopes to "look upon its like again."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

JANUARY.

Hero, the South Carolina crack, recently received the first premium awarded by the Black Oak Agricultural Society in that State. He is by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Mania by Figaro, and the property of R. M. DEVEAUX, Esq. The premium for the best colt, not over 3 yrs. old, was given to *Hero's* half brother, by Tarquin, 2 yrs. old. A yearling Own brother to *Hero* is also described by the Charleston "Rambler" as "an exceedingly pretty colt, showing already some capital racing points."

At the recent annual Fair of the Fayette (Miss.) Agricultural and Horticultural Society, the premium for the best stallion was awarded to Col. A. L. BINGAMAN's Charles O'Malley. P. B. JANUARY, Esq., received the 1st premium for his brood mare "Martin's Judy," of whose performances there are several graphic and amusing reports in previous volumes of the "Spirit."

Ambassador, the winner of the great "Alabama Stakes" at Nashville, lately, and who was subsequently sold to JOHN R. BRANCH, Esq., has since been purchased by Mr. Moss, of Natchez.

Mr. S. COOPE, of this city, has sold *Ajax* to Baltimore, where this fine trotter is matched for \$500—to come off next Spring. Mr. C. received for him, we hear, \$500 and Cayuga Chief.

The Number of Sheep in England is estimated at about 32,000,000, the annual value of whose wool is £7,000,000 (about \$33,000,000). This, manufactured into cloth, is estimated to be worth at least \$100,000,000.

H. and J. KIRKMAN, of Nashville, Tenn., claim the name of *Harry of the West* for their 2 yr. old colt, own brother to Harry Cargill.

Mr. T. A. ALDERSON, of Nashville, Tenn., claims the name of *Bentinck* for his b. c. foal by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Sally Nailor.

Mr. W. MITCHELL claims that of *Chesapeake*, for a yearling ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Isabella.

Protection of Game in Canada.—The Toronto "Herald" congratulates its readers upon the success of a bill recently introduced in the Provincial Parliament by Col. PRINCE, of which the following is a synopsis:—

"No person or persons shall, within the Province of Canada, after the 1st February in each year, take, or kill, in any manner whatever, any Moose, Elk, or other Deer, or Fawn, until the 1st of August.—Nor any Game called wild Turkey, Grouse, Grouse Pheasant, Partridge, or Quail, between the 1st February and 1st September.—Nor any Woodcock, between the 1st February and 15th July.—Nor, at any time, set traps, &c., for the wild Turkey.

"Any person taking, or killing, any or either of said kinds of Game, within said periods; or selling, offering for sale, buying, receiving, or having in possession, any Venison or Game, killed within those periods—shall be liable to a penalty, not exceeding *Ten Pounds*, nor less than *Ten Shillings*.

"Not to extend to Indians, as regards *taking or killing*; but, to apply to any other person who shall buy, receive, or have in possession, any Venison or Game so taken or killed within the time prohibited by the act."

Weights.—At several places in the West the proprietors of courses have adopted rules and a scale of weights to please themselves, without any regard to "the authorities." It is to be regretted that the same scale of weights is not adopted throughout the Union, or, where the heavy Northern weights are disliked, "Virginia weights" should not obtain. Of a course recently established in Arkansas, we find the following advertisement:—

Walnut-Grove Races.—The Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club of Jackson County, over the above course, has been postponed until the 17th of January next.

First day, Mile heats. Second day, Two mile heats. Third day, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The purses will be liberal, considering the hard times, and every effort made to accommodate. Stables on the cheapest terms. The track is over light sandy soil, and I believe one of the best in the State. The weights are, for a 2 yr. old, a feather; 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.; 4 yr. olds, 94lbs.; 5 yr. olds, 108lbs.; 6 yr. olds, 115lbs.; 7, and upwards, 120lbs. 3 lbs. allowed for mares and geldings.

RUFUS STONE, Proprietor.

Nov. 16, 1843.

The following is the pedigree of *Peytona*, winner of the Great Peyton Stake at Nashville, Tenn.:—

1839. Br. f. PEYTONA, bred by JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, was got by Imp. Glencoe, her dam Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, grandam by Sir Archy, out of Virginia by Imp. Dare Devil—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormeley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella, own sister to the renowned Selim, the "nonpareil" of his day, by Imp. Othello—Selima by the Godolphin Arabian, &c., &c., &c.

The Racing Calendar.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs.

Five subs. at 50 bushels wheat each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| James H. Duffer's br. f. <i>Finance</i> , by Davy Crockett, dam by Sir Henry Tonson..... | 1 | 1 |
| Andrew Stapp's gr. f. by Rufus King, dam by Pacolet | 2 | 2 |
| Time, 2:00—2:05. Won with ease. | | |

THURSDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$75, ent. 10 per cent. added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|-------|
| William Jacob's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Coleman Younger's br. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs | 2 | dist. |
| A. G. Reed's b. m. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs | 3 | dist. |
| Time, 1:56—2:01. | | |

FRIDAY, Sept. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , by Big Archy, dam by Bertrand, 7 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Boon Hay's br. g. by Industry, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| J. H. Duffer's ch. f. <i>Louisa Bell</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs | 3 | 3 |
| Time, 4:15—4:07. Track heavy. | | |

SATURDAY, Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Two subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| James H. Duffer's br. f. <i>Finance</i> , pedigree above | 1 | 1 |
| Boon Hay's b. f. by Truffle Pope, dam by Sumpter | 2 | dr |
| Time, 2:10. Won in a gallop. | | |

JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.

The following report is compiled from one furnished to the Jefferson City "Inquirer." The races commenced on the 5th Oct.; they came off over the course near that city owned by W. Dixon, Esq. The only damper to the general enjoyment was a rain storm on the first day.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights unknown. Fourteen subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|-------|---|
| Mr. Tarlton's f. by Grey Eagle, dam not stated | 1 | 1 |
| T. Winston's ch. f. by Robert Burns, dam not stated | 3 | 2 |
| J. Dixon's f. by Imp. Tranby, dam not stated | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Harrison's f. by Grey Eagle, dam not stated | dist. | |
| Time, 1:59—2:02. | | |

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| G. A. Parson's br. f. <i>Ringdove</i> by Imp. Merman | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| John Dixon's ch. f. <i>Realty</i> , by Bellair | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Time, 1:58—2:00—2:02. | | | |

It is due, perhaps, to Ringdove to say, that during the whole race the saddle was upon her withers and that she ran under a hard pull.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Sweepstakes, weights unknown. Two subs. at \$200 each. Three mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| T. Wood's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, aged | 1 | 1 |
| T. Winston's ch. h. <i>Othello</i> , by Waxy | * | |
| Time, 6:10. * Let down in 1st heat. | | |

This race excited a great deal of interest, from the fact that it had been a stake of long standing, and that the nags had once before tried their strength together in a contest, where the victor of to-day was then the vanquished. Bets were very freely made on this race for several days previous, but the confidence of the friends of Othello had increased to such an extent, that before the start they willingly offered 2 to 1. The horses got under weigh in fine style, but in a short time something was evidently wrong with Othello. The distance between the horses increased very sensibly, and to the very great regret of his friends, it was found that Othello had let down in the 2d mile of the heat.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

WINCHESTER, Va., Oct. 17, 1843.

Dear Sir,—The friends of the Turf in this neighborhood were treated to a couple of days handsome sport over the Winchester Course, on Friday and Sa-

turday of last week. It had been given out a week or two previous that the gets of the imported horses Emancipation and Felt would enter for a stake of \$25 aside on the first mentioned day, and these horses having a deservedly high reputation as racers throughout the Union, considerable curiosity was manifested to witness the performances of their progeny. The result of the race was as follows:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 13, 1843—Sweepstakes. Sub. \$25 each. Mile heats.
 H. J. McDaniel's ch. c. *Waddy Thompson*, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 1 1
 Johnson Ferris' ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Industry, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 2 2
 Alex. McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs. 100lbs..... dist.
 James Kiger's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Black Warrior, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... dr
 Time, 1:55—2:00.

The course was in bad order, a heavy hail-storm having taken place immediately before the race. Kiger's filly was taken lame a few days before the race, and of course did not contend for the race, which was taken easily by McDaniel's colt.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse, \$50. ent. added, free for everything. Mile heats.
 H. J. McDaniel's b. m. by Industry, dam by Alexander, 6 yrs. 115lbs..... 1 1
 Jas. Curtard's ch. m. by Industry, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 115lbs..... 2 2
 James Kiger's gr. m. by Young Oscar, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. 107lbs..... 3 3
 Robt. W. Baker's br. m. by Industry, dam by Tariff, 6 yrs. 115lbs..... 4 4
 Time, 1:57—1:59.

This race came off most beautifully. Yours respectfully, T.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, 1843—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' br. f. *Lucretia Noland*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Frances Ann by Frank, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 J. M. Shanklin's b. f. *Kate Anderson*, by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 T. R. Hazle's ch. c. by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 2 3
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s (W. Weathers') br. c. *Nelson*, by Frank, dam by Reform, 4 yrs..... 4 dist.
 Time, 2:01—2:01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s m. *Tranbyana*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 James K. Duke's b. f. *Magdalen*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:30—4:27.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. *Motto*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 H. W. Farris' c. *Denmark*, by Imp. Hedgford—Betsey Harrison by Aratus, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 J. J. Allen's h. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 7 yrs..... 3 3
 James K. Duke's *Telamon*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 2 4
 Time, 6:23½—6:25.

There was rain the previous night, and the track was like a deep snow, with a hard crust on it.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 S. M. Parish's (H. Daniel's) ch. g. *Pan*, by Envoy, dam by Moses, 4 yrs..... 2 3 1 1 1
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s m. *Tranbyana*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 2 3 3 2
 H. W. Farris' br. f. *Lucretia Noland*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1 2 2 3
 Time, 1:57½—1:56½—1:55—1:59—1:57.

The meeting, though attended by but few persons, went off very pleasantly.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

Some time since we noticed the project of a new club and course in East Baton Rouge, one of the richest parishes of Louisiana. We see by the St. Francisville "Chronicle," that the first races over it came off on the 20th October. Capt. J. C. WALKER, is the proprietor; the course is located in the upper part of the parish, in what is called "Carter's" or "Buhler's Plains." The "Picayune" says of it, that its shape is an oblong, the two sides or stretches being each five hundred and forty yards in length, and the two turns each three hundred and forty yards; thus making the course exactly one mile, measuring three feet from the inner ditch. It is represented to us as beautiful in its location and appointments. As the turf is new, it is necessarily somewhat heavy, but in this respect time will amend it.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|--|-------|-------|
| John Rist's ch. f. <i>Veto</i> , by a son of Imp. Leviathan, ont of Missouri Belle | 1 | 1 |
| W. D. Carter's gr. f. <i>Amaranth</i> , pedigree unknown | 2 | dist. |
| Col. S. W. McKneely's ch. c. <i>Bumper</i> , by Pressure, dam unknown | dist. | |

Time, 2:01—2:09.

The next day, a sweepstakes for saddle horses was contested, to which there were three subscribers, at \$25 each. It was won by Mr. Vance's John Randolph, in 2:03. A match between saddle horses succeeded this, which was run in 1:54—very excellent time. A number of scrub races were also ran. A Jockey Club is to be formed, and public purses offered on this course the approaching Spring.

SAND PERRARE, MISSOURI.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110, 6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Boon Hay's ch. m. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 7 yrs..... | 1 | 1 |
| John Reed's b. g. by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 7 yrs | * | |

Time not given. * Bolted.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5. J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) br. m. *Maria Collier*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|-------|
| Robert Long's b. h. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Mucklejohn—The Dun Cow, 7 yrs.... | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| | 2 | 1 | 2 | dist. |

Time, 2:00—2:04—2:07—2:03.

RICHHOND, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) br. m. *Maria Collier*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|-------|---|
| A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , by Big Archy, dam by Bertrand, 7 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| William Jacob's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs | dist. | |

Time, 4:17. Won with ease.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|----|
| A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , pedigree above, 7 yrs | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) gr. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , pedigree above, 7 y .. | 1 | 2 | 2 | dr |

Time, 1:58—1:57—1:59. H. of M.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

We find the following official report of these races in the "Van Buren Intelligencer." The pedigrees, as well as the purses, are extraordinary.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Kell's ch. g. <i>Sam Jones</i> , 5 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| A. Webster's b. c. <i>Billy Dixey</i> , by Bill Gordon, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 2:00—2:01. Track very heavy, from rain the previous night.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| John Price's ch. m. <i>Lady Slipper</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Caldwell & Ake's ch. g. <i>Aaron Burr</i> , by Citizea, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:00—4:03.

Aaron was the favorite. This was the most closely contested race ever run over the Fort Smith track; in the first part Aaron led off in half a mile—the mare then made a run at him, and passed in turning into the quarter stretch, and on passing the stand was several lengths ahead. But the hopes of Aaron's friends revived as he challenged her for a run in the first quarter of the last mile, and passed her on the back stretch, Aaron then leading about thirty yards, as they came into the home stretch. The rider on the mare put her up now, and made a run for the heat. She locked him—this was a moment of thrilling interest. Both horses were struggling hard for the victory. The mare passed and gained the heat by about 18 inches.

The second heat was well contested by Aaron for one mile and a half, but the mare won easily, coming home in 4:03.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, all racing was postponed until Saturday 28th.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S. Caldwell's ch. m. <i>Olean</i> , by Imp. Leviathan | 1 | 1 |
| D. Kell's ch. g. <i>Sam Jones</i> , 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—For three sacks of Salt and one sack of Coffee. One mile
 Capt. J. B. S. Todd's br. c. *Bill Dixey*, by Bill Gordon, 4 yrs 1
 Maj. Elias Rector's b. h. *Vout* 2
 Tyree Mussett's b. f. by John Belcher, 3 yrs pd. ft.
 Time not given.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.
 Two mile heats.
 Tyree Mussett's b. f. *Johanna*, by John Belcher 2 1 1
 Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's b. f. by Tom Jefferson, out of Betsey Watson 1 2 2
 Time, 4:06—4:11—4:17.

Tunstall's filly was the favorite before starting. After a very warm contest she won the first heat by a very few inches. Time 4:06. After the first heat, the knowing ones felt some doubt of their previous conviction, that the Tom Jefferson filly would win easily. Second and third heat, the Belcher filly showed her blood and bottom by winning in 4:11—4:17.

This was decidedly the most interesting race that has been witnessed on this track. The "*knowing ones*" before starting showed a decided preference for Capt. Tunstall's entry, which was in some degree warranted by the fact of that gentleman's known success in that quarter. Though the hopes of Mr. Mussett and his friends were but faint in the beginning, their firm reliance in Belcher stock was increased ten-fold by the result.

B. T. DUVAL, Secretary.

OAKLEY, MISSISSIPPI.

The Secretary of the Club has furnished us with the annexed report of these races (in Hinds County), which commenced on

TUESDAY, Oct. 31, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$— each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 W. F. Dillon's ch. f. by Red Tom, dam by Bertrand 1 1
 John F. Watson's gr. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Mercury 2 2
 Time, 1:58—1:58.

Won without an effort by the Red Tom filly, which added not a little to the fame of her sire, she being the first of his get, and also the first ever trained, and that, too, out of his half sister, which goes to prove that one can have hardly too much of a good thing.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Six subs. at \$— each. Two mile heats.
 George P. Farley's ch. f. by Hugh L. White, dam by Pacolet 1 1
 R. O. Edward's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury 2 2
 John S. Brien's b. f. by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia (Bee's-wing's dam) dist.
 H. A. G. Roberts' ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton pd. ft.
 W. F. Dillon's gr. f. by Jerry, dam by Bertrand pd. ft.
 Wm. H. Craven's ch. c. by Tecumseh, dam by Stockholder pd. ft.
 Time, 3:46—3:53.

The above was one of the most interesting races ever run over the Oakley Course. Notwithstanding it was won in two heats by the Hugh L. White filly, every inch of the ground was contested from end to end. The gallant Leviathan fought nobly, and was conquered only by a foot in each heat.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$280, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 70lbs. 3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 H. L. French's b. f. *Ann Hays*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs 1 1
 Hugh Gracey's ch. c. by Hugh L. White, dam by Young's Pacolet, 3 yrs 3 dist.
 Col. James T. Layne's ch. m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs 2 dr
 Time, 3:54—3:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$120, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 R. O. Edwards' ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, . yrs 3 1 1
 W. T. Dillon's b. f. *Miss Baily*, by Imp. Merman, dam by Bertrand, . yrs 1 2 2
 John England's bl. f. by Hugh L. White, dam by Molo, . yrs 2 3 dr
 Time, 1:52—1:54—1:56.

This was one of those races which are called "nobody's race" till the finish—four feet difference would have decided it either way. Miss Baily was not within a distance of herself, being very much amiss.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Purse \$130, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. Jas. S. Layne's ch. m. *Jane Rogers*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Charles, . y 1 1 1
 Hall & Shogog's br. f. by Imp. Ainderby, dam not given, . yrs 2 2 2
 H. A. G. Roberts' ch. f. *Joan*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton, . yrs 3 3 3
 Capt. Jas. A. Hall's ch. f. *Alexander*, by O'Kelly, dam by Oscar, . yrs 4 4 4
 Time not given.

Thus ended one of the most delightful week's sport that ever has been wit-

nessed over the Oakley Course. The weather was delightful for the season, the course in fine condition, and every race well contested. There were some twenty-five or thirty horses in attendance, beside the *Bites*, who, by the by, bit their owners, for there were but few quarter races.

There are two Sweepstakes to come off over the Oakley Course the first week in Nov. next; one a 2 yr. old, and the other a 3 yr. old stake, two miles, sub. \$200 each, three or more to make a race in each, to name and close by the 1st of August next; now three subs. to each.

Yours most truly,

W. F. DILLON, Sec'y.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1843—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|-------|
| H. Alfred Conover's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| S. Laird's b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs | 3 | 2 |
| J. H. Boylan's ch. f. by Drone, out of <i>Ecarté</i> , 4 yrs | 2 | 3 |
| W. J. Shaw's (Col. Coster's) b. f. <i>America</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Die Vernon, 3 yrs. | 4 | dist. |

Time, 3:53—3:53.

The course was heavy, and it was snowing throughout the race. The Trustee filly won at her ease.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, with \$10 entrance added; weights as before. Mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|-------|
| J. H. Boylan's ch. g. <i>Wet Dog</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| S. Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, 4 yrs | 3 | 2 |
| Shaw & Halsey's ch. f. <i>Fanny Dawson</i> , by Veto, 4 yrs | 2 | 3 |
| Chas. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , own brother to African, 5 yrs | | dist. |

Time, 1:55—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|-------|
| C. Gates' br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave—Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs .. | 1 | 1 |
| Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Dove by Duroc, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs. | | dist. |

Time, 4:05—4:00. Course very heavy.

The winner has been recently sold to go to Canada, and beyond doubt is the best performer yet sent there from "the States."

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|-------|
| J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Doctor Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 5 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| H. K. Toler's ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsy by Eclipse, 3 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Another entry—pedigree, etc., omitted | | dist. |

Time, 1:56—2:03.

OWENSBORO', KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.), Nov. 11, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I herewith send you a report of the Owensboro' Jockey Club Races, which I understand came off under very favorable circumstances. This information I got from a friend who attended them. The first day was a colt race for 2 yr. olds, sub. \$200; he did not remember the name, pedigree, etc., of the winner.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$75, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. Hikes' br. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| R. Sharp's bl. m. <i>Black Nan</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam not stated, 7 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:05—4:20. Track very heavy from constant rains.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|-------|
| A. Hikes' ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| R. Phillips' b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, . yrs | | dist. |

Time, 6:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|
| R. Phillips' b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , pedigree above | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| R. McFarlan's ch. f. by Cherokee, dam not stated | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 2:01—2:06—2:07—2:10. Track deep, and raining.

Owensboro' is one hundred miles from Louisville, and from the gentleman who communicated the above to me I learn that purses large enough will be given hereafter to induce persons to bring their horses there. The most influential and wealthy portion of the citizens of Owensboro' have taken the matter in hand to improve the breed of horses in their section of the State. Success attend their efforts.

I am truly yours,

SPECTATOR.

HAYNEVILLE, ALABAMA.

We are indebted to the accomplished Secretary of the Club—Mr. WOODBURY—for a prompt report, as usual, of the races at Hayneville. He writes that

The races of the Hayneville Club commenced on Tuesday, the 7th Nov., over the course near this town, with a sweepstakes for three year olds—\$300 subscription—\$50 forfeit, mile heats. The day was cold and cloudy, threatening rain constantly; it had rained pretty much all the night before, and the track was too deep to expect quick time. The course was well attended with anxious spectators. There were thirteen nominations for the stake, and it soon became evident that only four would start. Judge Hunter's grey filly, Mirth—Col. Myers' bay filly—Mr. Montgomery's chesnut filly, Rachael—and Mr. Duncan's bay filly, Oriole. Rumor was plying her busy tongue as to the condition of the horses; Mirth was said to be too high to succeed if there were "broken heats;" Rachael was said to be "a flyer," and was thought rather "dark" by most; Col. Myers' filly was "soft," and was said to have been only three or four weeks in training; Mr. Duncan's Oriole was much fancied by many; but it was known that a favorite in the stable (a Glencoe filly) had met with an accident and rendered it necessary to substitute Oriole for her; she was known to be rather short of work, and had been "curbed," and had once or twice "bolted" in her exercises. The rumors combined checked the betting; no one seemed sufficiently sure of winning; and "anxious doubt was enthroned on every face." The four went off at the tap of the drum well together, Rachael soon went in front, and the pace was a right merry one. The horses again closed up, and at the half mile ground Oriole got the lead. Mirth came up, but it was "no go;" she pulled back again. The run home was quite pretty, Oriole winning and to spare, in 1 minute 56 seconds.

We took a look at the horses as they cooled out—none of them get as good sweats as their friends could have wished—but with some galloping a pretty fair "scrape" took place all around. The drum tapped and away they went for the second heat. After a lively struggle, Mirth got the lead and kept it—the contest was tight—but she won very handily in 1 m. 56 sec.—Rachael and Col. Myers' filly both distanced. There were now but two left in the race—both sweated freely, and cooled out well. Mirth now became the favorite, but the betting was very light. At the tap of the drum they went off, Mirth in the lead. They kept this position through the back stretch, and as they went round the turn Oriole challenged, and was soon slightly in front—the last quarter was nobly contested every inch—the gallant little Mirth did her best, but in vain, Oriole passed the stand like a "bird," winning the heat in 2 min. 4 sec. The stakes, amounting to \$1,550, were handed to the successful rider, who gave a cheer for his "bonny steed" and bolted off with the hard won "spoils."

Summary:—

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Thirteen subs. at \$300 each \$50 ft. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|-------|---|
| John Duncan's b. f. <i>Oriole</i> (own sister to Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Swallow, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Judge J. S. Hunter's gr. f. <i>Mirth</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Eastern Mary by Maryland Eclipse | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Col. S. Myers' b. f. by Robin Hood, out of Minna Brenda by Kosciusko | 2 | dist. | |
| W. Montgomery's ch. f. <i>Rachel Jackson</i> , by Volney, dam unknown | 4 | dist. | |

Time, 1:56—1:56—2:04.

SECOND DAY.

Three horses were entered for to-day's race. Little Prince; Lucy Meyer, and Eliza Burrows. There was but little betting. The Prince, however, was much the favorite, though his ungovernable temper rendered his friends somewhat shy of "piling up." The day was bright and warm—the course very well attended—and general good humor marked the crowd. At one, the horses started well together; the running was in a cluster; now one would draw out ahead, then another, and then all close up abreast; in this way, they ran to the back stretch—round the turn they come, Little Prince and Lucy Meyer leading; they entered the stretch—the colt ahead—and then came a spurring race—neither rider was idle—every inch was contested—they pass the stand—Little Prince winning by a neck. Time—1:57.

The twenty minutes soon passed, and the horses came up for another heat, Little Prince being the favorite at odds. After a little trouble, they got off together—the fillies both leading the colt, at the first turn; about two hundred

yards from the stand, Little Prince attempted to run up on the inside of the grey filly, but did not find room to pass; his rider immediately pulled back to try it on the outside, but as he jerked the colt across the mare's rump, his forefeet struck her legs, and he fell fairly on his back, having turned a full somersault, the boy under him. A shout of dismay arose at this untoward accident; the filly staggered a little, but recovered her stride and dashed on. Our attention was drawn to the unfortunate rider of Little Prince, who lay apparently dead in the track. When we again looked at the fillies, the bay was leading round the last turn cleverly. The run home was good; the little grey tried it on, but it would not fit. Lucy won in 2:03. This heat over, Little Prince and his rider commanded all attention; he was caught at the head of the last stretch; and the boy, after some time, revived, and was carried off, still half dead. Great sympathy was universally expressed at the unfortunate luck of Col. Crowell—than whom, a nobler veteran of the turf does not exist. The bay filly cooled out well, while the grey cramped, and appeared the most distressed. The drum tapped, and away they went; it was soon evident that the grey had no chance for the heat. The boy kept the lead, and won in a canter in 2:05, the grey catching the red flag in her face. A loud shout rang, as the little Ebony Jock, on Lucy, waved the "Purse" in triumph, over her head, and her owner received the congratulations of his numerous friends, on the success of his first appearance on the Turf. The official placing is—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Col. D. Myers' (R. B. Harrison's) b. f. <i>Lucy A. Meyer</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... | 2 1 1 |
| W. Montgomery's gr. f. <i>Eliza Burrows</i> , by Portrait, dam unknown, 3 yrs..... | 3 2 dist. |
| Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs..... | 1 dist. |

Time, 1:57—2:03—2:05.

THIRD DAY.

The entries were, Col. Crowell's Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Duncan's Swallow. The day was cloudy and unpromising, and rain fell in light showers the most of the time. The attendance was thin—and the betting dull. Swallow was much the favorite. At the tap of the drum, they both got off well together; and at the end of the first quarter, the saddle on the mare slipped on her withers; much anxiety was now felt; they ran through the first mile, the horse making the running, and the filly pulling to him, well in hand in 2:02. The horse drove on the second mile in much the same way. The run home was good, but the filly maintained her lead, winning the heat in 4:06 with something to spare. Both nags cooled out well, and came up again as lively as at first. They got off in the same position, and the heat was run very similar to the first, the horse cutting out the work, and the filly winning easy. The first mile was in 2:02—the heat in 4:09. Mr. J. T. Jewell, the accomplished trainer of Swallow, deserves high credit for the condition in which he brought her to-day, and her sister Oriole, on Tuesday, to the post. We have frequently noticed the energy and skill of this young trainer, and we feel assured, he only wants a few more years, to extend his reputation; when he will reach the highest rank in his profession.

After the regular race, several mile races with saddle horses took place, and created much sport. The track was deep to day, and has been in bad order all the week. The official report is—

| | |
|--|-----|
| THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Purse \$175, conditions as before. Two mile heats. | |
| John Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> (own sister to Oriole, Linnet, Wren, Falcon, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs..... | 1 1 |
| Col. John Crowell's (S. C. Benton's) ch. c. <i>Dr. Robinson</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Brilliant, 4 yrs..... | 2 2 |

Time, 4:06—4:09.

FOURTH DAY.

The day was beautiful and the course better attended than on any previous occasion. The ladies, (heaven bless them,) were plenty as blackberries, and their lovely faces radiant with smiles, furnished an inspiration and excitement to "we bachelors," as potent, and still deeper than the race. Grattan was the favorite at long odds, and his condition reflected high credit on Abram, his trainer; the Lowndes boys went their "piles" on him with a "perfect rush."

The start was fine—away they went, and for the first mile, both horses could have been covered with a blanket. They passed the stand, Grattan ahead, in 1 min. 56 sec. On the back stretch, Grattan let out a link, and it was soon evident that the Doctor's chance was out. Israel, on Grattan, took a bracing pull, and came through in 2 min 2 seconds hard in hand. The next mile, Grattan was under a dead pull all the way, and came through in a gallop. Time of the heat, 6 min. 11 secs. Both horses cooled out well. The Doctor was wofully distressed; and was evidently in a very bad fix—scouring and tired. Our prairie water had done its work; he had no chance. At the tap of the drum they went off at a merry pace—Israel ahead, and pulling to the Doctor; he passed the stand ahead, in 1m. 57s.—and by the end of the next quarter, the Doctor gave back. Israel pulled back to him, and came through in 2m. 3s. The next mile, he ran in an exercise gallop, and walked through in 6m. 28s. Grattan is a long muscular stout bodied bay, and own brother to Mirth, who made so good a race for the stake on Tuesday. Their dam, known here as Eastern Mary, is recorded in the Turf Register as Flora, by Maryland Eclipse. The crowd like ourselves seemed much gratified that so spirited a breeder as Judge Hunter, had met with such well merited success; and for the glory of Lowndes, no less than for his sake, we hope the race to-day is but the augury of future and frequent success. The official report is—

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—J. C. Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Judge J. S. Hunter's b. c. *Grattan*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flora by Maryland Eclipse, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. John Crowell's ch. h. *Dr. Wilson*, by John Bascombe—Bolivia by Bolivar, 5 y 2 2
 Time, 6:11—6:28.

FIFTH DAY.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the race for the Hayneville Plate, value \$75, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, came off. There were three entries, Little Prince, Swallow, and Hedgeana. The betting was brisker than on any previous day. Swallow was the favorite against the field—Little Prince had many friends, but he was complaining in his right fore leg, and his bad luck joined with it, took the "wire edge" off from their anxiety to get their money on. Hedgeana was "very green," and not much fancied. The drum called the nags to the post, and at the tap they got off finely. Charles, on Little Prince, mindful of the "tight place" he got into on Tuesday, gave him the "gaff," and got the lead round the turn. The track had been beaten hard by last night's rain, and the pace was good. Swallow made at the little grey, but it was "no go"—round the turn he came well in hand. The fillies set at him again, but he shook them off, and passed the stand well in hand an easy winner, in 1:58. Little Prince's friends brightened up, but as it was known that Swallow had not run for the heat, the odds remained in her favor. At the tap of the drum, they again got off as before, Charles socking the gaffs to Little Prince to get him out of the crowd, he rounded the turn ahead; Swallow set at him, and they went down the back stretch a-flying. On the turn she tried him again, but it was no use, Little Prince took the heat cleverly in 1:55. Swallow did not sweat as free as she ought to have done; her pores were closed, but after some "training between heats," a moderate "scrape" was had. Her friends still bet even, though the grey was fast rising in favor. The third heat, a fine start, all together; Charles remembered his fall on Tuesday, and let Swallow have the lead. As they came into the stretch he went at her, and pressed her all the way—but she had him for the heat. He tried it on on the other turn, but he could not come it—she came home an easy winner in 1:58. Little Prince's chance was thought now to be all up—Swallow the favorite again at long odds. Hedgeana had been just dropping within her distance every time, and now began to attract attention. She had been up only about two weeks, and the game way she hung on pleased all. The time elapsed, and they again got off, Swallow ahead. Hedgeana went at her, but could not come it, and soon gave way for Little Prince, who made his run on the back stretch, and hung on like a "cuck-old burr;" as they entered the home stretch Swallow got away from him, and won cleverly in 2:01—Hedgeana well up. It was now thought Swallow's race, barring a "fall down;" but we noticed that her pores were still rather collapsed, and that she by no means scraped as free as she ought. Hedgeana was rising in the market, and Little Prince was "limping." The time expired, and they

yards from the stand, Little Prince attempted to run up on the inside of the grey filly, but did not find room to pass; his rider immediately pulled back to try it on the outside, but as he jerked the colt across the mare's rump, his forefeet struck her legs, and he fell fairly on his back, having turned a full somerset, the boy under him. A shout of dismay arose at this untoward accident; the filly staggered a little, but recovered her stride and dashed on. Our attention was drawn to the unfortunate rider of Little Prince, who lay apparently dead in the track. When we again looked at the fillies, the bay was leading round the last turn cleverly. The run home was good; the little grey tried it on, but it would not fit. Lucy won in 2:03. This heat over, Little Prince and his rider commanded all attention; he was caught at the head of the last stretch; and the boy, after some time, revived, and was carried off, still half dead. Great sympathy was universally expressed at the unfortunate luck of Col. Crowell—than whom, a nobler veteran of the turf does not exist. The bay filly cooled out well, while the grey cramped, and appeared the most distressed. The drum tapped, and away they went; it was soon evident that the grey had no chance for the heat. The boy kept the lead, and won in a canter in 2:05, the grey catching the red flag in her face. A loud shout rang, as the little Ebony Jock, on Lucy, waved the "Purse" in triumph, over her head, and her owner received the congratulations of his numerous friends, on the success of his first appearance on the Turf. The official placing is—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|-------|-------|
| Col. D. Myers' (R. B. Harrison's) b. f. <i>Lucy A. Meyer</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| W. Montgomery's gr. f. <i>Eliza Burrows</i> , by Portrait, dam unknown, 3 yrs..... | 3 | 2 | dist. |
| Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs..... | 1 | dist. | |

Time, 1:57—2:03—2:05.

THIRD DAY.

The entries were, Col. Crowell's Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Duncan's Swallow. The day was cloudy and unpromising, and rain fell in light showers the most of the time. The attendance was thin—and the betting dull. Swallow was much the favorite. At the tap of the drum, they both got off well together; and at the end of the first quarter, the saddle on the mare slipped on her withers; much anxiety was now felt; they ran through the first mile, the horse making the running, and the filly pulling to him, well in hand in 2:02. The horse drove on the second mile in much the same way. The run home was good, but the filly maintained her lead, winning the heat in 4:06 with something to spare. Both nags cooled out well, and came up again as lively as at first. They got off in the same position, and the heat was run very similar to the first, the horse cutting out the work, and the filly winning easy. The first mile was in 2:02—the heat in 4:09. Mr. J. T. Jewell, the accomplished trainer of Swallow, deserves high credit for the condition in which he brought her to-day, and her sister Oriole, on Tuesday, to the post. We have frequently noticed the energy and skill of this young trainer, and we feel assured, he only wants a few more years, to extend his reputation; when he will reach the highest rank in his profession.

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| | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Purse \$175, conditions as before. Two mile heats. | | | |
| John Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> (own sister to Oriole, Linnet, Wren, Falcon, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs..... | 1 | 1 | |
| Col. John Crowell's (S. C. Benton's) ch. c. <i>Dr. Robinson</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Brilliant, 4 yrs..... | 2 | 2 | |

Time, 4:06—4:09.

FOURTH DAY.

The day was beautiful and the course better attended than on any previous occasion. The ladies, (heaven bless them,) were plenty as blackberries, and their lovely faces radiant with smiles, furnished an inspiration and excitement to "we bachelors," as potent, and still deeper than the race. Grattan was the favorite at long odds, and his condition reflected high credit on Abram, his trainer; the Lowndes boys went their "piles" on him with a "perfect rush."

The start was fine—away they went, and for the first mile, both horses could have been covered with a blanket. They passed the stand, Grattan ahead, in 1 min. 56 sec. On the back stretch, Grattan let out a link, and it was soon evident that the Doctor's chance was out. Israel, on Grattan, took a bracing pull, and came through in 2 min 2 seconds hard in hand. The next mile, Grattan was under a dead pull all the way, and came through in a gallop. Time of the heat, 6 min. 11 secs. Both horses cooled out well. The Doctor was woefully distressed; and was evidently in a very bad fix—scouring and tired. Our prairie water had done its work; he had no chance. At the tap of the drum they went off at a merry pace—Israel ahead, and pulling to the Doctor; he passed the stand ahead, in 1m. 57s.—and by the end of the next quarter, the Doctor gave back. Israel pulled back to him, and came through in 2m. 3s. The next mile, he ran in an exercise gallop, and walked through in 6m. 28s. Grattan is a long muscular stout bodied bay, and own brother to Mirth, who made so good a race for the stake on Tuesday. Their dam, known here as Eastern Mary, is recorded in the Turf Register as Flora, by Maryland Eclipse. The crowd like ourselves seemed much gratified that so spirited a breeder as Judge Hunter, had met with such well merited success; and for the glory of Lowndes, no less than for his sake, we hope the race to-day is but the augury of future and frequent success. The official report is—

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—J. C. Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
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 Col. John Crowell's ch. h. *Dr. Wilson*, by John Bascombe—Bolivia by Bolivar, 5 y 2 2
 Time, 6:11—6:28.

FIFTH DAY.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the race for the Hayneville Plate, value \$75, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, came off. There were three entries, Little Prince, Swallow, and Hedgeana. The betting was brisker than on any previous day. Swallow was the favorite against the field—Little Prince had many friends, but he was complaining in his right fore leg, and his bad luck joined with it, took the "wire edge" off from their anxiety to get their money on. Hedgeana was "very green," and not much fancied. The drum called the nags to the post, and at the tap they got off finely. Charles, on Little Prince, mindful of the "tight place" he got into on Tuesday, gave him the "gaffs," and got the lead round the turn. The track had been beaten hard by last night's rain, and the pace was good. Swallow made at the little grey, but it was "no go"—round the turn he came well in hand. The fillies set at him again, but he shook them off, and passed the stand well in hand an easy winner, in 1:58. Little Prince's friends brightened up, but as it was known that Swallow had not run for the heat, the odds remained in her favor. At the tap of the drum, they again got off as before, Charles socking the gaffs to Little Prince to get him out of the crowd, he rounded the turn ahead; Swallow set at him, and they went down the back stretch a-flying. On the turn she tried him again, but it was no use, Little Prince took the heat cleverly in 1:55. Swallow did not sweat as free as she ought to have done; her pores were closed, but after some "training between heats," a moderate "scrape" was had. Her friends still bet even, though the grey was fast rising in favor. The third heat, a fine start, all together; Charles remembered his fall on Tuesday, and let Swallow have the lead. As they came into the stretch he went at her, and pressed her all the way—but she had him for the heat. He tried it on on the other turn, but he could not come it—she came home an easy winner in 1:58. Little Prince's chance was thought now to be all up—Swallow the favorite again at long odds. Hedgeana had been just dropping within her distance every time, and now began to attract attention. She had been up only about two weeks, and the game way she hung on pleased all. The time elapsed, and they again got off, Swallow ahead. Hedgeana went at her, but could not come it, and soon gave way for Little Prince, who made his run on the back stretch, and hung on like a "cuck-old burr;" as they entered the home stretch Swallow got away from him, and won cleverly in 2:01—Hedgeana well up. It was now thought Swallow's race, barring a "fall down;" but we noticed that her pores were still rather collapsed, and that she by no means scraped as free as she ought. Hedgeana was rising in the market, and Little Prince was "limping." The time expired, and they

got off, Little Prince ahead, both fillies staying at him. They ran to the back stretch in this way; Swallow locked him on the turn, and kept him a-going, but she soon got her belly full, and cried "enough." Hedgeana, who was laying well up, now turned loose, and gained every stride; she passed Swallow like a shot, and locked the Prince. Charles was wide awake—he crammed the steel into him, but the filly was still gaining—they are head and neck—still she gains—they pass the stand without a cheer or shout from one of the crowd—it is too tight for them to tell who is ahead. A minute's silence, and a hundred voices rent the air, "Who won the heat, Judges?"—"Little Prince, by one foot!" The gallant grey had got through with his "streak of bad luck," and the Bascombe blood was redeemed. The following is the official report:—

SATURDAY, Nov. 11—The Hayneville Plate, value \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs..... | 1 1 2 2 1 |
| Judge J. S. Hunter's b. f. <i>Hedgeana</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Stamboul, 4 yrs..... | 3 3 3 3 2 |
| J. Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs..... | 2 2 1 1 3 |

Time, 1:58—1:55—1:58—2:01—2:02.

Thus closed as gay a week as we have ever experienced on the Hayneville Course. The weather was too variable for quick running, or for a large attendance. We wish Mr. Givhan more sunshine next time, and that his rain may come in a lump before the meeting.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

The "Appeal," of that ilk, furnishes the following report of these races, which are attracting a good deal of attention, from the number and reputation of the horses engaged.

MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1843—Sweepstakes for all ages. 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Mr. Patterson's ch. c. <i>Daniel Tucker</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, 3 yrs. 3 1 1 | |
| Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. f. <i>Catharine Rector</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs..... | 2 2 2 |
| H. M. Clay's ch. m. <i>Little Misery</i> , by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria, 4 yrs..... | 1 3 3 |
| Mr. Dennison's b. f. <i>Lucy Johnson</i> , by Imp. Skylark, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.. | 4 dist. |

Time, 1:49—1:49—1:51½.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$80 added, weights as before. Two mile heats.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| W. W. Gift's (Mr. Sanders') ch. m. <i>Ann Stuart</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Paragon, 5 y | 4 1 1 |
| Tinsley Davis' b. f. <i>Glencoona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Free Jack's dam, 4 ys | 3 2 2 |
| F. E. Murphy's b. m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... | 5 4 3 |
| Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's br. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, d. unknown, 5 ys | 1 3 dist. |
| H. M. Clay's ch. c. <i>Ambassador</i> , by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs... | 2 5 dist. |
| John H. White's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs. dist. | |

Time, 3:50—3:44—3:45.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40 added, weights as before. Three mile heats.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Linnæus Coch's ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Rachel by Partizan, 4 yrs..... | 1 1 |
| H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs | 3 2 |
| F. E. Murphy's ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs. | 2 3 |
| Capt. T. T. Tunstall's b. m. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Content, en, aged.. | 4 dist. |

First Heat.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| Time of first mile..... | 2:02 | Time of first mile..... | 1:55 |
| " " second mile..... | 1:56 | " " second mile..... | 1:50 |
| " " third mile..... | 1:50 | " " third mile..... | 2:00 |

Second Heat.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Time of First Heat..... | 5:48 | Time of Second Heat..... | 5:45 |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|

The Trustee colt Vagrant, made a capital race with Hardened Sinner (beautiful names!) at Memphis. His dam, Vaga, was recently purchased by Jas. PORTER, Esq., of Louisiana, for \$100!! She is twenty years old, though, having been bred in 1822.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20 added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Linn. Coch's ch. c. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga by Lishmahago, 4 yrs..... | 5 4 2 3 1 1 1 |
| J. H. White's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs..... | 4 2 1 1 4 2 2 |
| H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs..... | 3 3 3 2 2 r. o. |
| W. W. Gift's ch. m. <i>Ann Stuart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs | 2 5 4 4 3 r. o. |
| Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's b. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... | 1 1 5 dr |

Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:52—1:57—1:54—1:56—1:57. Track heavy.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

From the "Daily Georgian" we learn that the meeting of "the Junior Jockey Club" commenced on the 22d ult., over the Oglethorpe Course. The weights are not given, but we presume they are the same as those carried at Augusta, Charleston, etc.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1843—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Mr. McAlpin's ch. m. *Ruby*, by Duke of Wellington, out of Lively by Eclipse, * yrs 1 1
Lewis Lovell's ch. m. *Ella* (alias Alicia), by Young Virginian, d. by Harwood, * ys 2 2
Time, 4:09—4:06. * Age omitted.

The "Georgian" states that

This race created quite an interest; both horses had their backers, and although the turf was not as well attended as we have seen it, still those present seemed to have confidence in their choice. At the tap they were off, well together—*Ella* took the lead, but before half a mile was accomplished, *Ruby* was up, and shortly after passed her; at this stage, it was a slow race, for both appeared to us to be holding back, and although several efforts were made by *Ella*, the distance was preserved by *Ruby*, who, after a desperate push on the last quarter stretch, came in winner by about a length.

After the usual time allotted for rubbing down, both horses were again brought to the string, neither appearing much distressed; and as every one who witnessed the first heat, was satisfied that but little running had been done, the principal bets offered were on time—that is, that the second heat would be run in less time than the first. As all seemed to be of this opinion, there was but little difference, and some few were found venturesome enough to bet on *Ella*. At the tap of the drum, they got a beautiful start, but before reaching the quarter post, *Ruby* took the lead, and it was a beautiful contest for the balance of the race, *Ruby* coming in about one length ahead.

It is but an act of justice to the owner of *Ella* to state that she was entered with no expectation of winning the race, one of her forelegs being so weak that it was bandaged when she started, and for several days previous to the race had been so doubtful, that the ordinary exercise was denied her.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$— each. One mile.

| | |
|---|---|
| L. Lovell's ch. g. <i>Peiham</i> , by Collier, dam by Whip, . yrs..... | 1 |
| Mr. Aiken's ch. h. <i>Hellite</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, . yrs | 2 |
| F. Laten's gr. m. <i>Jane Tonsel</i> , pedigree and age unknown..... | 3 |
| D. S. Little's ch. m. <i>Princess</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Gallatin, . yrs..... | 4 |

Time, 1:56.

In justice to one of the favorites, *Princess*, we must say, that she got a very bad start, the other three being full thirty yards in advance, and in the run, before she got off. She, however, succeeded in saving her distance.

After the sweepstake, a race between saddle horses came off, for which there were two entries, both ridden by their owners, a single dash of a mile, which was won in 2:12. Good time for saddle nags.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. McAlpin's b. c. <i>Crockett</i> , by Crockett, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Pickard's b. m. <i>Lucy Long</i> , by John Richards, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 2:00—2:02.

We were prevented from attending the races to-day, but learn from a friend who was present, that the race was very exciting, and the track well attended. *Crockett* was the favorite at the start, but *Lucy* had her friends. At the tap they were off, and it was a struggle for the first quarter for the track, which *Crockett* succeeded in taking, and he kept it to the end of the mile, coming out winner by about two lengths. Time 2:00.

Both horses cooled off well, and at the appointed time were off again. The knowing ones were willing to go their pile on *Crockett*, as they saw plainly he had the foot of *Miss Lucy*, and that she was rather green for the want of practice, having only had about ten days' training. They got off well together, *Crockett* in the lead, but on the back stretch, *Miss Lucy* made a bold effort, and succeeded in coming up, but no sooner was her proximity discovered by *Crockett*, than he ungallantly endeavored to avoid her company, which he succeeded in doing when they reached the quarter stretch, and came out winner by about a length and a half. Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for saddle horses. Two subs. at \$— each.
One mile.

| | |
|--|---|
| F. Laten's gr. m. <i>Jane Tonsel</i> , pedigree and age unknown | 1 |
| L. Lovell's <i>Rice Planter</i> , color, pedigree, and age unknown | 2 |
| Time, 2:00. | |

The mare must have been *ailing*, as she made her race yesterday, the same distance, in 1:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Mr. McAlpin's ch. m. *Ruby*, pedigree above, . yrs..... galloped over

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Five subs. at \$— each.
Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L. Lovell's ch. g. <i>Pelham</i> , pedigree above, . yrs | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Aiken's ch. h. <i>Hellite</i> , pedigree above, . yrs | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Time, 2:04—1:55—2:01. | | | |

Pelham had it all his own way, winning in three straight heats.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

Our races, in sporting phrase, have just "come off;" and though but few stables were in attendance, and the entries, of course, were very limited, yet we had some excellent horses and very interesting contests. The sport commenced on

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

| | |
|--|---|
| O. Gardener's b. f. by Red Tom | 1 |
| T. J. Johnson's gr. c. by Dick Chinn | 2 |
| Time, 1:58. Won easily. | |

Of the several entries, the above two only came to the post. There had been heavy rains two days previous, and though the course had dried considerably, it was still rather heavy in places.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| James Porter's b. f. <i>Belissima</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Wingfoot, 3 yrs..... | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| B. Davidson & Co.'s b. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.. | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Time, 1:53—1:54—1:55. | | | |

Little Trick came here with considerable reputation, having won some races in Kentucky, and also said to have run a severe contest, at two mile heats, with Mr. Chambers' splendid filly *Queen Ann*. It was supposed his known game qualities and age would tell in the best 3 in 5, as severe a test of a horse's merits as any other distance. The knowing ones were, therefore, very sweet on him, but they missed a figure, for the filly was quite too fast for him: she outfooted him to the stand, and every jump they made during the three heats only made his condition more unpleasant.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$125, entrance money added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|------|---|
| B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. <i>Garter</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| James Porter's b. m. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| T. Kellogg's b. h. <i>Target</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, aged | dist | |
| Time, 4:06—4:12. | | |

This day was ushered in with heavy rain, which ceased about noon, leaving the course very heavy. The race was won cleverly by the Glencoe filly, the Luzborough horse distanced the first heat. *Target* was known to be very fast for a single dash of one or two miles, and bets were current that he would win the first heat. He went off at quarter-horse speed, but was passed on the first turn by the Tranby f., and at the half-mile post of the last mile was "no where"—the survivors ran out well, the Glencoe winning by two or three lengths. The second heat was also well contested, but whatever might have been the chance of the Tranby on a dry course, she had none on a muddy one. She was beaten as in the first heat, and about as far. It is but justice to state, that *Target* came out with both of his plates completely bent up on the side; it is a great wonder that he did not throw himself.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$200, weights as before. Three mile heats.
James Porter's ch. f. *Berenice*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen, 4 yrs
 1 | 1 || B. Davidson's ch. c. *Little Trick*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... | 2 | 2 |
| Time, 6:26—6:29. | | |

The course was stiff and heavy. The owners of *Little Trick*, confident in his game, resolved to give him another trial, and entered him for the three mile purse. He did not, however, benefit by the change, as he found himself op-

posed by Berenice ; and although he is a true, honest little horse, he was entirely overmatched from the score, and the two heats were won easily by the filly. The time was slow, but might have been run faster if he could have put her up.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$100, the winner to save his entrance, for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.

B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. *Kate*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess..... 1 1
J. F. Miller's b. f. by Sorrow..... 2 2
Time, 2:04—2:04.

The latter filly was entered merely to make a race, as the owner had no expectation of winning.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29—Match \$200 a side. Three mile heats.

B. Davidson & Co.'s b. c. *Little Trick*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1
M. L. Hammond's gr. h. *Pilot*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's dam) by Pacolet, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 6:28—6:35.

This was one of the best races run on this course during the meeting. The course was very heavy, and it was raining during the race, having continued since the Saturday previous. *Little Trick* took the lead, and kept it throughout, nearly distancing *Pilot*. The running in the second heat was the same as in the first, and was only won by half a length.

Yours,

E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ, Dec. 3d, 1843.

Mr. Editor :—The races over the Pharsalia Course terminated yesterday. I am sorry to say the weather was as bad as possible throughout the week, save the last day, which was fine. The attendance was thin.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29, 1843—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Sub. \$100 each, to which the Club added \$200. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Messrs. Elliott's) gr. f. *Lucy Dashwood*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 3 yrs..... 1 1
S. T. Taylor's ch. c. *Gen. Dubuys*, by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Nannie Kilham, 3 yrs. 4 2
Mr. Farley's ch. f. *Cora Munroe*, by H. L. White, out of a Crusher mare, 3 yrs..... 2 3
William J. Minor's bl. g. *Black Jack*, by Doncaster, out of Countess Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 3 4
Time, 1:54—1:56. Track wet and heavy.

Won easy. Jack was the only horse in the race that could get to Lucy, and he could not stay long enough. Lucy the favorite against the field at odds.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$50 added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

William J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 yrs..... French. 1 1
Mr. McNulty's (Mr. Sanders') ch. m. *Ann Stewart*, by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs..... Welsh. 3 2
W. B. Bradish's (H. Clarkson's) ch. c. *Vagrant*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs..... Monk. 2 3
Time, 4:03—4:01. Run in a rain storm.

Won easy, French pulling the filly through both heats until he was absolutely "black in the face." *Norma* the favorite.

FRIDAY, Dec. 1—The Pharsalia Plate, with \$300 added by the Club, ent. \$150 if there be but two, and \$100 if there be more than two, with an inside stake of \$500 between the two entries ; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... Button. 1 1
S. T. Taylor's b. f. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... Monk. 2 2
Time, 6:00—6:05. Track wet and heavy.

Won easy. *Ruffin* the favorite at 3 to 2. In the first heat *Ruffin* took the track on entering the back stretch, and was never locked. In the second heat *Sally* ran well with him for the first mile and a quarter, the colt then had it all his own way to the finish.

SATURDAY, Dec. 2—Purse \$200, ent. \$50 added, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy, 4 yrs..... Aaron. 1 1 1
Mr. Farley's ch. m. *Jane Ross*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... Stephen Welsh. 2 2 2
Time, 1:57—1:59—2:00. Track still heavy.

Won very easy.

A YOUNG TURFMAN.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Col. R. Singleton's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy | 1 | 1 |
| Col. W. Hampton's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Bay Maria by Eclipse | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:01—4:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Col. James Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam—Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| A. Bell's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, aged | 2 | 2 |

Time, 8:12—8:16.

"T'auld mare was the favorite at odds, but was beaten without much difficulty.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---------|
| Col. James Williamson's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| G. Edmonson's ch. g. by John Bascombe, out of Patsey Wallace, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Col. W. Hampton's b. m. by Bertrand Jr., out of Betsey Richards, 5 yrs | 4 | 3 |
| Messrs. Shelton & Bell's ch. c. <i>Bill Norris</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Mucklejohn, 5 yrs | | 3 dist. |
| Capt. John Harrison's b. h. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson, d. by Phenomenon, 5 y | | dist. |

Time, 6:19—6:18.

Sleepy John was the favorite; the course being very heavy, Eutaw won cleverly, after a fine race with the Bascombe colt.

It has been said, and wisely said, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Believing this to be true, we indulged ourself during the past week with a little recreation; but here we are this morning, again at our post, prepared with refreshed spirits, and renewed good humor, to do "the work that is set before us."

We have seen much to interest and amuse us, during our absence from home. We have listened to the *concentrated wisdom* of the State—we have attended a temperance meeting—a Bible Convention—the Columbia Races—and a great many other good things, all good in their way. But let us record some of them in order.

And first, as to the Races; and here let us transport ourself in imagination, to the Race Ground, itself. We cannot with one of Walter Scott's characters exclaim, "my foot is on my native heath, and my name's McGregor," but somehow or another, whenever we stand upon a race ground, we cannot help feeling quite *at home*. Everything seems so natural. The crowd is collecting, and "the busy hum of preparation" is increasing; but the bugle has sounded, and now behold the different horses which have been entered for the day's race, are preparing to saddle. They are brought up—the drum is tapt, and they are off with a beautiful start. Three heats are run and the result is as follows:—

FRIDAY, Dec. 8—The "Hampton Plate" of \$400 value, for all ages, weights as before Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|----|
| G. W. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged ... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Joe Winfield</i> , by John Dawson, d. by Phenomenon, 4 yrs .. | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Taglioni</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs .. | 1 | 2 | dr |
| Col. R. Singleton's b. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs | 2 | | dr |

Time, 3:56—3:59—4:05.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. Bell's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Amy Hamilton, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Col. J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Tishanna</i> , by Benbow, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. J. Harrison's ch. f. by Crazy Bill, dam by Phenomenon, 3 yrs | * | * |

Time, 1:58—1:58. * Boiled.

SATURDAY, Dec. 9—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5

| | | | |
|---|---|---|-------|
| Col. J. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs .. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Shelton & Bell's b. m. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs .. | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. O'Hanlon's b. f. <i>Mary Webb</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs | 3 | | dist. |

Time, 1:58—1:54—1:57.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizen's Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Shelton & Bell's ch. m. <i>Omega</i> , pedigree above, aged | 1 | 1 |
| Col. Jas. Williamson's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs | 2 | dr |

Time, 4:00.

The heat contested in this race was remarkably interesting—both horses were locked the whole way until entering the quarter stretch, when the old mare went ahead, and won by three lengths. Nothing transpired during the races to merit particular notice.